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large ship owners.

On the other corner of Staniford and Cambridge streets resided that famous physician, Dr. George C. Shattuck, and next to him his son, also a medical man of note. Then came the old West Church, called by many the Unitarian Cathedral, whose minister was that saintly man, Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., who, with advancing age was succeeded by Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, who is yet living. This church was the religious abiding place of many of Boston's best citizens, most of them residing at, or near the West End. I well recall among them such worshippers as Enoch Train, the famous Liverpool packet merchant; Charles G. Lovering, the talented counselor; James Russell Lowell and Colonel Charles R. Lowell, sons of the pastor of the West Church; Ozias Goodwin, William A. Hyde, a ship owner; William Davis, Jr., Elihu Reed, the owner of the most of the southern mercantile trade; Otis Norcross, a mayor of Boston; the Ridgeway family, who were a power in the ministrations of the Sunday school. The Otis family, Sidney Willard and the Sumner family—nearly all these people rest from their labors and while their works do follow them, the grand old West Church is decayed. Yet the building still standing is used as a branch of the Public Library.

Passing from Lynde street to Chambers

Dec. 23, 60 - 22 shop 1044 1/2 to near
H. Watson

2 of Frothingham have 1st
printed See Preface & Introduction

Who is A C L. 110 - 283

2 for New England Mason

2 for " " (Pinner)

290 + 609 are originals see J

A. M.

P. M.


Chant
General Prayer
Voluntary
Scripture Lesson.
Hymn
Sermon
Prayer
Hymn
Benediction.

Chant
General Prayer.
Voluntary
Hymn.
Sermon
Prayer
Voluntary by the Choir
Benediction.

The Congregation are requested
to rise during Prayer, and sit
during singing.

¹⁸⁹⁸
Aug 15 - Mr Clarke - M. Leet - Rem D - 80.
Hymn 122





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HYMNS

FOR

THE SANCTUARY.

SECOND EDITION.

Boston, West Church

BOSTON:
WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS.
111 WASHINGTON STREET.
1849.

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P R E F A C E .

THE vote of the West Boston Society, directing the preparation of a new hymn-book, has afforded an opportunity of enlarging the collection that has been in use for the last quarter of a century, by the introduction of some recent hymns and others of an earlier date. In the new selections, it has been the endeavour of the Committee to combine poetical merit with depth of sentiment and the fervor of true devotion. Watts and Doddridge have been restored to their relative position and proportion. The ardent breathings of the Wesleyan and Moravian hymns, and of those of Cowper, here find utterance. The process of exclusion has not been enforced against any hymn on account of an occasional quaintness of sentiment or form, when it otherwise possessed sufficient merit; on the contrary, as this peculiarity is pleasing to a certain extent, it has been in some instances a recommendation.

It has been the wish of the Committee to restore hymns to their original reading. Many of them, in the progress of time, have been subjected to great alterations, but seldom without enfeebling the sense and the poetical expression. Especially has this been the case with those of Watts and Doddridge, so that a rigid comparison with the original be-

came necessary and has been instituted ; and the process of restoration has been carried out with regard to them except in the few instances which purport to be varied from the author's text. Justice to authors requires that no change, however slight, should be made without a cogent reason ; and that a hymn objectionable in sentiment should be omitted, rather than that, by essential alteration, an author should be made responsible for what is not his own, and, perhaps, for what he never would have expressed.

Of more modern hymns, while some, as those of Mrs. Barbauld for instance, will bear a favorable comparison with the best of former days, many abound in naught but penury of thought and feebleness of expression. Out of a large supply, the Committee have endeavoured to select the best, and, they trust, with a good degree of success. And here they would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Frothingham, in the very acceptable offering of three original hymns, — two of which have never before appeared in print.

The former division into Psalms and Hymns has not been retained. The versions of the Psalms will be easily found in the Index of Subjects, under their appropriate head, numbered as Hymns. A few Chants have been added, which, it is hoped, will increase the value of the collection.

Boston, January, 1849.

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HYMNS.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

6 & 4 s. M.

1.

ANONYMOUS.

Solemn Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King !
Help us thy name to sing ;
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !
- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend !
- 3 Never from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart
Hence evermore !
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

S. M.

2.

MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

C. M.

3.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee, —
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above !

C. M.

4.

PATRICK.

A General Hymn of Praise.

- 1 O GOD ! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
- 3 “ O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey !
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.”
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

7 S. M.

5.

SALISBURY COL.

Humble Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

L. M.

6.

ROSCOE.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
 To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
 Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined
 Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 O, may the solemn-breathing sound
 Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
 Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

C. M.

7.

NEW ENG. VERSION.

Psalm 107.

- 1 YOUR thanks unto the Lord express,
 Because that good is he ;
Because his loving-kindnesses
 Last to eternity.
- 2 So say the Lord's redeemed, whom bought
 He hath from enemies' hands ;
And from the east and west hath brought,
 From south and northern lands.
- 3 Then did they to Jehovah cry,
 When they were in distress,
Who did them set at liberty
 Out of their anguishes.
- 4 O that men praise Jehovah would,
 For his great goodness then,
And for his wonders manifold
 Unto the sons of men !

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

L. M.

8.

BROWNE.

Praise to the Only True God. Psalm 86.

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed ;
Controlled by none are thy commands ;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands ;
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

P. M.

9.

MILTON.

Praise to God. Psalm 136.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his mercies, &c.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 4 And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 5 The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 6 His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 8 All his creatures he doth feed ;
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies, &c.
- 9 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ;
For his mercies, &c.

7 s. M.

10.

SANDYS.

Harmony of Praise.

- 1 THOU, who sitt'st enthroned above !
Thou, in whom we live and move !
Thou, who art most great, most high !
God, from all eternity !
- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'T is when tongue and heart consent,

Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

7 S. M.

11.

MERRICK.

The same subject. Psalm 150.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine!
Praise him at the hallowed shrine!
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts and power supreme
To your songs suggest a theme;
Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest notes to raise.
- 3 All who vital health enjoy,
In his praise that health employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine!

S. M.

12.

WATTS.

Sincere Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 5 And yet the songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause.
- 6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of thy favors I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
- 7 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 't is formed again.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

8 & 7 s. M.

13.

J. TAYLOR.

The God of Mercy adored.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of every joy, —
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy !
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here no awful thunder rolls ;
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within !
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

P. M.

14.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Hymn of Praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King ;
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

7 s. M.

15.

MONTGOMERY.

Hymn of Praise. Psalm 148.

- 1 **HERALDS** of creation, cry, —
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 4 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges, own his righteous law ;
Princes, worship him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all people here.
- 5 Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.
- 6 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess ;
Him let every being bless.

P. M. 16. TATE varied.

Thanksgiving. Psalm 149.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing.
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to
the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise :

We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue, —
 Would join in your numbers, and chant to your
 lays.

7 s. M.

17.

MONTGOMERY.

“Glory to God in the highest.”

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away, —
 Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
 God will make new heavens and earth, —
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

L. M.

18.

WATTS varied.

God exalted above our highest Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds;
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
The awe-struck angel veils his sight,
Nor dares to tempt the wondrous height.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

7 s. M.

19.

MERRICK.

Praise. Psalm 136.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to our heavenly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth
Praise him, all of human birth ; —
- 3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll ; —
- 4 Him who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great eternal King
Raise your voice and joyful sing ;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

C. M.

20.

WATTS.

God glorious.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;

They show the labor of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

7 s. M. 6 l.

21.

J. TAYLOR.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky.
Peace on earth to man forgiven !
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
Glory be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong.
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round
From creation's utmost bound.
Where the Godhead shines confessed,
There be solemn praise addressed.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.
Glory be, &c.

H. M. 22. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Creation. Psalm 148.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise :
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
 And moon, that rul'st the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light :
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command :
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

- 4 He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last :

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

- 5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

P. M. 23. PARK.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord !
Speak good of his name ;
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim ;
To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !

- 2 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 And man, his last work,
 With reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin,
 By grace is renewed, —
 To God, his Creator,
 Let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise !

7 S. M.

24.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise to God.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days :
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ, —
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use ; —
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ; —
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich, o'erflowing stores : —
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ; —
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ; —
- 8 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ; —
- 9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee — for thyself alone.

C. P. M.

25.

OGILVIE.

Concert of Praise. Psalm 148.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
While all the adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the loudest string.

- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings
In triumph rides the King of kings ;
The astonished worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing !
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

8 & 7 s. M.

26.

J. TAYLOR.

Surrounding the Mercy-seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind;
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws, —
 Lord! with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

H. M.

27.

TATE & BRADY.

Universal Praise. Psalm 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim,
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay ;
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came :
 And all shall last,
 From changes free ;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay ;
 Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
 And fish that through the sea
 Glide swift, with glittering scales ;
 Fire, hail, and snow,
 And misty air,
 And winds that, where
 He bids them, blow.
- 5 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise ;
 Earth's utmost ends
 His power obey ;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

L. M.

28.

TATE & BRADY.

Thanksgiving. Psalm 106.

- 1 O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what 's right ; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 O, may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

7 s. M.

29.

GASKELL.

Doxology.

- 1 FATHER! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see !
Glory for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night !
- 2 Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the dreary tomb !
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven !

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

C. M. 30. WATTS.

Triumphant Praise. Psalm 47.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honor sing ;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;
 He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.

L. M. 31. TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Psalm 65.

- 1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promised altars there we 'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
 Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

L. M. **32.** DODDRIDGE.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 GOD of my life ! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

C. M.

33.

WATTS.

A Psalm before Prayer. Psalm 95.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem, —
Those gods on high and gods below, —
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

C. M.

34.

WATTS.

Universal Hallelujah. Psalm 148.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above ;
Sing, for he formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil your little, twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bade you grow ;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.
- 8 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

7 s. M.

35.

J. TAYLOR.

Devotion.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.
- 4 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temples of the Lord!
'Teach them wisdom's heavenly way;
To their feet thy light afford.
- 5 Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love, and joy;
Angels! the glad notes prolong;
Seraphs! 't is your blest employ.

C. M.

36.

LIV. R. S. COL.

Engagedness in Worship.

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here, —
All shall be thine to-day.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Our Father, God below, above !
Man's noblest work is praise.
O, fill our hearts with sacred love,
Whilst we our voices raise.

L. M.

37.

TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Psalm 100.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise, —
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed, —
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O, enter, then, his temple gate ;
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

WORSHIP.

L. M.

38.

WATTS.

Praise to our Creator. Psalm 100.

- 1 NATIONS, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

C. M.

39.

DRENNAN.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds, unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

L. M. 40. WATTS.

The Joy and Blessing of Worship.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee ;
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

C. M. 41. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

WORSHIP.

- 3 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

S. M. 42. WATTS.

Worship. Psalm 95.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

H. M. 43. WATTS.

Public Worship. Psalm 84.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples, are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears ;
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

L. M. 44. TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Psalm 95.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favors past ;
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.

- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great, —
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his title God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'T is moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 6 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

THE SABBATH.

S. M.

45.

WATTS.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

7 S. M. 6 l.

46.

NEWTON.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

8 & 7 s. M.

47.

CARMINA SACRA.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WHILE this day its light is shedding,
Worldly thoughts and cares forbidding,
Let us give our souls to rest ;
Let us now in supplication
Look to him whose great salvation
All the world has freely blest.
- 2 God above, we bow before thee ;
Humbly will we now adore thee ;
Glad we 'll haste to Zion's gate ;

Glad we 'll join those holy praises
 Zion's temple ever raises
 High to thee, so good and great.

- 3 Hail! thou place of light and glory,
 Where resounds salvation's story,
 Fraught with peace to sinful man :
 O, how soon earth's night retreated,
 O, how soon sweet hope we greeted,
 When thy word its course began !

8 & 7 s. M.

48.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
 Welcome is this holy day ;
 Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
 Says a week has passed away.
 Let me think how time is passing ;
 Soon the longest life departs ;
 Nothing human is abiding
 Save the love of humble hearts.
- 2 Love to God, and to our neighbour,
 Makes our purest happiness ;
 Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
 Earth's poor trifles to possess.
 Swift my life's vain dreams are passing ;
 Like the startled dove they fly,
 Or the clouds, each other chasing
 Over yonder quiet sky.
- 3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee ;
 Give an humble, grateful heart ;
 Never let me cease to praise thee,
 Never from thy fear depart ;

Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;
There my treasure will be laid.

C. M. 49. WATTS.

The Morning of a Lord's Day. Psalm 63.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

L. M. 50. WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Psalm 92.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

S. M.

51.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Delights of the Sabbath.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring ; —
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell ; —
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

THE SABBATH.

L. M.

52.

DODDRIDGE varied.

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

C. M.

53.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

L. M.

54.

STENNETT.

The Christian Sabbath.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blessed.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God ! thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future mercies taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet this Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

H. M.

55.

HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

L. M.

56.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

- 3 Vain, sinful man ! — creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

S. M. 57. WATTS.

The Lord's Day. Psalm 118.

- 1 SEE what a living stone
 The builders did refuse !
 Yet God hath built his church thereon
 In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes ;
 This day declares it all divine ;
 This day did Jesus rise.
- 3 This is the glorious day
 That our Redeemer made ;
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
 Let all the church be glad.
- 4 Hosanna to the King
 Of David's royal blood !
 Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.
- 5 We bless thine holy word,
 Which all this grace displays,
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

L. M.

58.

WATTS.

The Blessings of Public Worship.

- 1 WHAT pleasure, Lord ! thy house attends,
When the whole heart to heaven ascends ;
One day thus spent with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 While we can have the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace !
We would not absent from thee live,
For all a tempting world can give.
- 3 Happy the saints around thy throne,
Who know thee as themselves are known ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Happy the souls that find a place
In earthly temples of thy grace ;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
Inquire thy will, and learn to praise.
- 5 Happy the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

S. M.

59.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there, —
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In grateful homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all,
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call, —
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heaven on earth be won.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

L. M.

60.

SALISBURY COL.

The Presence of God in his House.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

C. M.

61.

WATTS.

Going to Church. Psalm 122.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“ In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day ! ”
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest :
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

C. M. 62. MILTON.

Delight in God's House. Psalm 84.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
 O Lord of hosts ! how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long, and almost die,
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise ;
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion do appear.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high !
 That man is truly blest
 Who only on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

C. M.

63.

R. W. EMERSON.

The House our Fathers built to God.

- 1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God ;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.
- 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.
- 6 They live with God, their homes are dust ;
But here their children pray,
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
To find the narrow way.

C. M. 64. WATTS.

Delight in Worship. Psalm 84.

- 1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode :
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God ?

H. M. 65. { PRINCE'S N. E. VERS
OF PSALMS.

Psalm 134.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Who in the Lord's house wait,
And keep your watch before
The threshold of his gate,
The Lord's praise sing
By silent night,
Till cheerful light
Of morning spring.

- 2 Lift, in his holy place,
Your joyful hands on high,
And say, "The Lord we bless,
Who made the earth and sky."
And may he still
Thee greatly bless,
With joy and grace,
From Zion hill.

THE CHURCH.

L. M. 66. WATTS.

God and his Church. Psalm 84.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun ; he makes our day ;
God is our Shield ; he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin, —
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

C. M. 67. WATTS.

A Church established. Psalm 132.

- 1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name ;
His ark was settled there ;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad ;

THE CHURCH.

Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

- 3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo, thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.
- 4 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

C. M. 68. C. WESLEY.

The Church below and above.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

For Social Worship.

- 1 JESUS! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase!
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

* Isaiah liv. 2.

- 1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old ?
What wonders are of Zion told ?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

8, 7, & 4 s. M.

71.

TOPLADY'S COL.

For the Close of Public Worship.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
 Still support us
 While in duty's path we move.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

L. M.

72.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

L. M.

73.

ANONYMOUS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
'Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard, —
The lessons of thy holy word, —
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

7 S. M.

74.

S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

7 s. M.

75.

J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

8 & 7 s. M.

76.

J. NEWTON.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

H. M.

77.

WATTS.

God's Wonders of Creation and Providence. Psalm 136.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored :
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone :
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe :
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King,

And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing :
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

C. M.

78.

WATTS.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food ;
 He formed the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye,
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There 's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

L. M.

79.

GIBBONS.

God the Father and Friend of all.

- 1 THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft, refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth and sea and air
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not even a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all !

L. M.

80.

ADDISON.

The Voice of God in his Works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark, terrestrial ball ?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine, —
 "The hand that made us is divine."

C. M.

81.

KEBLE.

"The invisible things of Him, clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

- 1 **THERE** is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us, and around,

Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace ;
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

8 s. M.

82.

Hogg.

Glory to God, the Giver and Guard of Life.

- 1 LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !

God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

- 2 God of evening's yellow ray !
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night.
God of life, that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever !

C. P. M. 83. SMART.

All Nature proclaiming the Glory of God.

- 1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend ;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.
- 2 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade ;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART !

C. M.

84.

WATTS.

The Wisdom of God in his Works. Psalm 111.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the Eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he 's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

H. M.

85.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Power and Goodness.

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought :
For God, &c.

3 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land,
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand :
For God, &c.

4 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought :
For God, &c.

5 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live ;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

C. M.

86.

WATTS.

God's universal Dominion.

1 **KEEP** silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;

The Muse stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Unnumbered ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
Whate'er through endless years shall rise
Stood present to his thought.

4 The almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realms resign ;
And, lo ! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

5 Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast, moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

L. M. 87. DODDRIDGE.

The Greatness of God.

1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2 Let Lebanon its cedars bring,
To blaze before the sovereign King ;
And all the beasts, that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed ;

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round ;
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 4 Joined with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 5 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky and earth and sea,
'Than all this pomp, O God ! to thee.

L. M.

88.

WATTS.

The Greatness of God. Psalm 145.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
O, let our land aloud proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

C. M. 89. STERNHOLD.

The Majesty of God. Psalm 18.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 And like a den most dark he made
His hid and secret place ;
With waters black and airy clouds
Environèd he was.
- 4 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

L. M. 90. WATTS.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

- 2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of power unknown ;
Firm are the orders of his throne ;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does ?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 5 These are a portion of his ways ;
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

L. M.

91.

DODDRIDGE.

Seeing the Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God ! to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
 Witness to its supreme desire !
 Behold it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge, —
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight !

C. M.

92.

WATTS.

God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there 's nothing old appears, —
 Great God, there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

C. M.

93.

BURNS.

Eternity of God and Frailty of Man. Psalm 30.

- 1 O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race,
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !
- 2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command, —
- 3 That power which raised, and still upholds,
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight,
Than yesterday that 's past.
- 5 But man is like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
And long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed !

L. M.

94.

KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our laboring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

C. M. 95. WATTS.

Eternity of God. Psalm 76.

- 1 OUR God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone, —
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
 Pleased with the morning light ;
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering ere 't is night.
- 6 Our God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come !
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

C. M.

96.

ARBUCKLE.

Omnipresence, Wisdom, and Goodness of God.

- 1 My heart and all my ways, O God,
 By thee are searched and seen ;
 My outward acts thine eye observes,
 My secret thoughts within.
- 2 Attendant on my steps all day
 Thy providence I see,
 And in the solitude of night
 I 'm present still with thee.
- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space
 Whence thou art absent know ;
 In heaven thou reign'st a glorious King,
 An awful Judge below.
- 4 Goodness and majesty and power
 Through all thy works are shown ;
 Richly displayed in nature's frame,
 And richly in my own.
- 5 To all my parts their place and use
 Thy wisdom had assigned,
 Ere yet these parts a being had
 But in thy forming mind.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 6 Ten thousand thousand times my life
I've to thy goodness owed ;
Thy daily care preserves the gift
Thy bounty first bestowed.
- 7 Lord, if within my thoughtless heart
Thou aught shouldst disapprove,
The secret evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.
- 8 If e'er my ways have been perverse,
Or foolish in thy view,
Recall my steps to thy commands,
And form my life anew.

L. M.

97.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Omnipresence and Omniscience. Psalm 139.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 't is my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 O, could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?

C. M. 98. WATTS.

God is everywhere. Psalm 139.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

L. M. 99. WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God. Psalm 139.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

H. M.

100.

WATTS.

God's Majesty and Sovereignty.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law :

And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

- 3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name
 "My Father and my Friend"?
 I love his name,
 I love his word;
 Join, all my powers,
 And praise the Lord.

L. M.

101.

WATTS.

To the Invisible Author of Nature.

- 1 THY hand unseen sustains the poles
 On which this vast creation rolls;
 The starry arch proclaims thy power,
 Thy pencil glows in every flower;
- 2 In thousand shapes and colors rise
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
 While beasts and birds, with laboring throats,
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.
- 3 The meanest part in nature's frame
 Marks out some letter of thy name.
 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
 From hill to hill, from field to grove, —
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,
 There 's not a spot, or deep or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

- 5 Fain would I trace the immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confessed,
In his own fairest glories dressed.

C. M.

102.

BROWNE.

Divine Goodness.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide-extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffused and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts ;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts !
- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

C. P. M.

103.

REV. H. MOORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 MY God ! thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good !

S. M.

104.

WATTS.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies. Psalm 103.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeems thy soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

C. M. 105. THOMSON.

The unceasing Goodness of our Heavenly Father.

- 1 JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

C. M. 106. WATTS.

God all in all. Psalm 127.

- 1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain ;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue ; —
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
In vain, — till God has blest ;
But, if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

S. M.

107.

WATTS.

Abounding Compassion of God. Psalm 103.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

C. M. 108. TATE & BRADY.
Divine Condescension. Psalm 8.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame !
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ; —
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind ?
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train,
Ordained with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 They jointly own his powerful sway,
The beasts that prey or graze,
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

- 6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame !
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

L. M. 109. DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude to God for innumerable Mercies.

- 1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
 Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;
 How numberless these bounties are,
 How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But, O, what poor returns I make !
 What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
 Lord, I confess, with humble shame,
 My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my laboring heart devise
 To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
 It sinks beneath the mighty load :
 What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
 My emptiness and poverty :
 Enrich my soul with grace divine,
 And make it worthier to be thine.
- 5 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
 That heaven may echo with my song ;
 The theme, too great for time, shall be
 My joy throughout eternity.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

10 s. M.

110.

A. C. L.

Care and Compassion of God. Psalm 147.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! O, let the grateful song
From morn to evening's shade the theme prolong ;
Praise ye the Lord ! and let the blest employ
Inspire in every breast a sacred joy.
- 2 He heals each broken heart, binds every wound,—
O, let his praise from earth to heaven resound !
He names the stars whose numerous orbs on high
Spangle with beams of light the sombre sky.
- 3 His showers refreshing fertilize the plain,
And make, on mountain-tops, fresh verdure reign ;
Sing to the Lord a grateful hymn of praise !
Let each glad heart its song of rapture raise !
- 4 He hears the ravens cry, he gives them food,
And feeds with care the tenants of the wood ;
Unmarked by him no humble lilies fade,
Nor will the falling sparrow want his aid.
- 5 Praise ye the Lord ! and let the grateful song
From morn to eve the sacred theme prolong ;
Let the blest theme employ our fleeting days,
Till in his courts immortal strains we raise.

L. M.

111.

TATE & BRADY.

The Mercy of God ready to forgive. Psalm 103.

- 1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

- 2 'T is he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crowned.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.
- 5 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
'The small respects that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 't is from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

L. P. M. 112. WATTS.

Praise for God's Goodness and Truth. Psalm 146.

- 1 I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;

Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

L. M.

113.

WATTS.

Blessing God for his Goodness. Psalm 103.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth decayed his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 5 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last, great, rewarding day.
- 6 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

7 s. M.

114.

BOWRING.

God in all Things.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide ;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;

Every hour which wisdom brings ;
 Every incense at thy shrine ;
 These, — and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest, — all are thine.

- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise,
 Daily to thy gracious throne :
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied, — righteous One !
 Through life's strange vicissitude
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

C. M. 115. WATTS.

Pardoning Grace. Psalm 130.

- 1 GREAT God ! should thy severer eye
 And thine impartial hand
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.
- 2 I wait for thy salvation, Lord ;
 With strong desires I wait ;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.
- 3 Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,
 Watch the first beams of breaking light,
 And meet them with their eyes, —
- 4 So waits my soul to see thy grace ;
 And, more intent than they,
 Meets the first openings of thy face,
 And finds a brighter day.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 5 Then in the Lord let Israel trust ;
 Let Israel seek his face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous is his grace.

S. M. 116. WATTS.

God is holy. Psalm 99.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet ;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
 He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race ;
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same ;
 Still he 's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name. /

7 s. M. 117. HEBER.

"Consider the lilies of the field ; — behold the fowls of the air."

- 1 Lo ! the lilies of the field !
 How their leaves instruction yield !
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven !

Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles trust and piety :
 Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
 God provideth for the morrow.

- 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our earthly destiny ;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps his children lest they fall :
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
 Trusting him, through all our days,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —
 God provideth for the morrow.

C. M. 118. DODDRIDGE.

The Divine Goodness in Afflictions.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To them that seek thy face,
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
 Till all the tumult cease ;
 And gales of paradise shall lull
 My weary soul to peace.

C. M.

119.

WATTS.

The Faithfulness of God.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing, —
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim, " Salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men " ;
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

8 & 7 s. M.

120.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

L. M. 121. MOORE.

God's Love in All.

- 1 THERE 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.
- 2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

10 s. M. 122. JONES VERY.

God's Fatherly Care.

- 1 FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

- 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within,
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.
- 3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

C. P. M.

123.

EXETER COL.

Grateful Acknowledgment of God's constant Goodness.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good !
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.
- 5 Thus, gracious Father ! thee we praise ;
And, while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart
To bless and love thee more.

L. M. 124. DODDRIDGE.

God the Author of our Comforts and our Hopes.

- 1 GREAT Source of life ! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread,
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord, —
Kindled by him, by him restored ;
And, while our days renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.
- 5 So, when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

C. M. 125. WATTS.

Human Frailty and Divine Support.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;

But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to the almighty name,
That reared us from the dust !
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we 'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

C. M.

126.

ADDISON.

Gratitude to God in every Period of Life.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptured heart !
But thou canst read it there.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

C. M.

127.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Regard for his frail Creatures. Psalm 103.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose, —
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God!
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

C. M.

128.

TATE & BRADY.

Commemoration of God's Benefits from one Generation to another. Psalm 78.

- 1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths, of old ; —
- 3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.
- 4 We will not hide them from our sons ;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought ; —
- 5 That generations yet to come
May to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs ; —
- 6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

C. M.

129.

WATTS.

Religious Instruction of Children. Psalm 78.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old, —
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known, —
His works of power and grace ;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus they shall learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

C. M.

130.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Seeking Protection and Guidance from the God of our Fathers.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed, —
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led, —
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
We 'll our whole souls resign ;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is thine.

C. M. 131. { SCOTCH VERSION OF
THE PSALMS.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want ;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

C. M. 132. STERNHOLD.

The Divine Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 My Shepherd is the living Lord ;
I therefore nothing need :
In pastures fair, with waters calm,
He sets me forth to feed.

- 2 He did convert and glad my soul,
And brought my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness
For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod, thy staff, doth comfort me,
And thou art with me still.
- 4 And in the presence of my foes
My table thou shalt spread ;
Thou shalt, O Lord, fill full my cup,
And thou anoint my head.
- 5 Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly showed to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

L. M.

133.

POPE'S COL.

God our Shepherd and Guardian. Psalm 23.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow, —
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control ;
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all his horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God, art with me there.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 4 'Thine ever-watching providence
Is my support and my defence ;
With thee I am of all possessed,
And in thy favor fully blessed.
- 5 O bounteous God ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And, in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

P. M.

134.

MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in Divine Protection. Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
What, then, shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy king-
dom of love.

L. M. 135. WATTS.

Divine Protection. Psalm 121.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

H. M. 136. WATTS.

God our Preserver. Psalm 121.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears :
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep,
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I 'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

L. M.

137.

DODDRIDGE.

God the Dwelling-place of his People through all Generations. Psalm 90.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

C. M.

138.

DODDRIDGE.

The Days of the Upright known to God.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion breathes
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

L. M.

139.

DODDRIDGE.

Faith encouraged.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord !
He through the world most high confessed,
By whom 't was formed, and is possessed.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known, —
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
'That it hath sought its God in vain.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name?
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

L. M.

140.

DODDRIDGE.

The Bounties of Providence.

- 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which through the hills and through the meads
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoyed in all.

C. M. 141. WATTS.

The Book of God's Decrees.

- 1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God ;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There 's not a sparrow or a worm,
But 's found in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.
- 4 If light attend the course I run,
'T is he provides those rays ;
And 't is his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees, —
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb !

C. M.

142.

J. SCOTT.

Divine Providence and the Folly of Self-dependence.

- 1 God reigns! events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labors of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 4 'T is ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'T is thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command,
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power;
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

C. M. 143. COWPER.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

L. M. 144. LIV. OLD COL.

Our Portion in Life appointed by God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care, — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, subdued be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God ! on thee.

L. M. 145. BROWNE.

Giving Thanks in all Things.

- 1 GOD of our lives ! our thanks to thee
Should, like thy gifts, continual be ;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor intermission knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our numerous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

- 3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he 's good and wise ;
And what for evils we mistake,
He can our greatest blessings make.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon the thankful breast
Let all thy favors be impressed,
That we may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 Dispose us, each revolving day,
For daily gifts, our thanks to pay ;
And, though withdrawn those gifts should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

S. M. 146. WATTS.

The Changes of Life from God.

- 1 As various as the moon
Is man's estate below ;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief ;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given ;
His bright and darker hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small, —
All is a Father's will.

- 5 Let each conform his mind
To every changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

C. M.

147.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of love !
My Father and my God !
I 'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear !
Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.
- 3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 Through every changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Free from all anxious fear ;
For death itself, my God ! is life,
If thou be with me there.

L. M. 148. WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God ;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

C. M. 149. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in Life and Death.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ :
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

- 3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

S. M.

150.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

7 s. M.

151.

COWPER.

Welcome, Cross.

- 1 'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all, —
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil :
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

L. M.

152.

MONTGOMERY.

"Return to thy rest, O my soul."

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
From sickness unto death, made whole ;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;

Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

- 4 God is thy rest ; — with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe ;
Christ is thy rest ; — with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

C. M. 153. WATTS.

Protection, Victory, and Deliverance. Psalm 91.

- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.
- 2 He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 3 " Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them," saith the Lord ;
" I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.
- 4 " My grace shall answer when they call ;
In trouble I 'll be nigh ;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
- 5 " Those that on earth my name have known,
I 'll honor them in heaven ;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

L. M.

154.

TATE & BRADY.

Judah in Bondage, or Remembrance of Captivity. Psalm 137.

- 1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed ;
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees, that withered there.
- 3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?
- 5 O Salem, our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move !
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

L. M.

155.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Imploring the constant Presence of God.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
- 4 No portents now our foes amaze ;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.
- 5 But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 6 And, O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

C. M.

156.

MILTON.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. Psalms 85, 86.

- 1 THE Lord will come and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 5 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
I in thy truth will bide ;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 6 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God !
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

- 7 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

C. M.

157.

WESLEY.

“ A light to lighten the Gentiles.”

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given ;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

C. M. 158. { SPIRIT OF THE
PSALMS.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

11 s. M. 159. DRUMMOND.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill :
"The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 "Bring down the proud mountain, though towering
to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;

The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,

For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

- 3 "The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad."

7 s. M.

160.

BOWRING.

For Advent or Christmas.

1

1st Voice. WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.

2d Voice. Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!

1st Voice. Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?

2d Voice. Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

1st Voice. Watchman! } Yes, it brings, &c.

2d Voice. Traveller! }

2

1st Voice. Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.

2d Voice. Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

1st Voice. Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?

2d Voice. Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

1st Voice. Watchman! } Ages are its own, &c.

2d Voice. Traveller! }

- 1st Voice. Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
- 2d Voice. Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 1st Voice. Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
- 2d Voice. Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!
- 1st Voice. Watchman! } Lo! the Prince of Peace,
2d Voice. Traveller! } &c.

C. M. 161. PATRICK.

The Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign; —
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high !
 And to the earth be peace !
 Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease ! ”

C. M. 162. WATTS.

The Song of the Angels.

- 1 “ SHEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away ;
 News from the region of the skies, —
 Salvation ’s born to-day.
- 2 “ Jesus, the King whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you ;
 To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.
- 3 “ No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
 Nor royal shining things ;
 A manger for his cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.
- 4 “ Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.”
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song : —

- 6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 By their Redeemer's birth."

8 & 7 s. M.

163.

CAWOOD.

The Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high.
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name and taste his joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 'Glory be to God most high!'"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

C. M. 164. E. H. SEARS.

The Nativity.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring, —
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

L. M.

165.

T. CAMPBELL.

The Nativity.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, —
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung : —
- 4 “ O Zion, lift thy raptured eye ;
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again ;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 “ See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 6 “ He comes to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.”

C. P. M.

166.

LIV. R. S. COL.

Design of Christ's Mission.

- 1 O, LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came, our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.
- 4 Then let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

S. M.

167.

FROTHINGHAM.

Christ's Manifestation.

- 1 WE meditate the day
Of triumph and of rest,

When, shown of God and shaped in clay,
The Word was manifest.

2 The angels saw and sung ;
Earth listened far and wide ;
Believed and preached, — a faith, — a tongue,
The Word was glorified.

3 Lord, give it gracious sweep,
And here its errand bless,
Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
To glad a wilderness.

4 Shoot forth its starry * light,
To guide our pilgrim way, —
A sign of hope through this world's night,
And brighter than its day.

5 Again thy witness-voice !
Again thy spirit-dove ! *
That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
And soften with its love.

6 Send round its blessed cup,*
As once in Galilee ;
And catch our dull affections up
To heaven, and Christ, and thee.

6 & 10 s. M. 168. { MILTON, altered by
J. S. J. GARDINER.

The Birth of Christ.

1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;

* One of the ancient symbols, in the Church, of Christ's manifestation to the nations.

But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat ; while all around,
 The gentle, fleecy brood,
 Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept or sported on the verdant ground, —

3 When, lo ! with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
 Divinely-warbled voice,
 Answering the stringèd noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

4 They saw a glorious light
 Burst on their wondering sight ;
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
 The helmèd cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God disposed in air
 Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 “ Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Saviour Christ is born ! ”
Such was the immortal seraph’s song sublime ;
 “ Glory to God in heaven !
 To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time.”

L. P. M.

169.

J. SCOTT.

Jesus Christ.

- 1 SAGES of ancient lettered times,
In every age, and different climes,
For wisdom famed among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly scattered rays
Before the broad, o'erpowering blaze
Of the supreme, eternal mind.
- 2 Mercy's great year, in heaven enrolled,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unsealed ;
Light of the world, Messiah came
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality revealed.
- 3 Filled with his Father's strength he taught ;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame man bounding like the roe ;
The blind look up to heaven, stern death
Resigns its spoil, and from his breath
Fierce demons shrink to shades below.
- 4 O works of power, O works of love,
Ethereal embassy to prove,
That every rising doubt control ;
Earnest of love and power more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miseries of the soul.
- 5 Great Prophet, Saviour, worthy thou
That every knee in homage bow,
From every mouth thy praise should flow ;
All thy commands are mild and just,
Thy promise, faithful to our trust,
Will pardon, peace, and heaven bestow.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

S. M.

171.

NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace !
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness ;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

C. M.

172.

WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Psalm 98.

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

7 & 6 s. M.

173.

MONTGOMERY.

“ He shall have dominion from sea to sea.”

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

- 3 By such shall he be feared,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obeyed, revered ;
 For he shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.
- 4 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 5 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain-dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is — Love.

L. M. 174. WATTS.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 't is a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

C. M. 175. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my Lord and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

- 2 My gracious Master and my Lord,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
He makes the guilty conscience clean;
And all our sorrows flee.

6 & 4 s. M.

176.

ANONYMOUS.

"Let there be light."

- 1 ON earth was darkness spread,
One boundless night;
"Let there be light," God said, —
And there was light!
- 2 There hung a deeper gloom
O'er quick and dead,
But Jesus burst the tomb,
And darkness fled.
- 3 God by his word arrayed
Darkness with light;
God by his Son displayed
Day without night.
- 4 For thee, O man, arose
Creation's ray;
For thee, too, brighter glows
Salvation's day.

- 5 The beams first poured on earth
For mortals shone ;
The light of later birth
Immortals own.

L. M. 177. WATTS.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises ! and appears with God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

L. M. 178. BUTCHER.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love
Do Jesus' high commission prove ;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name !

- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright, celestial ray ;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve ; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Canst thou behold thy Saviour's power,
And not the God he served adore ?

C. M. 179. COWPER.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

- 1 THE Saviour, — what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest !
- 2 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew ;
'T was love that urged him on.
- 3 Lord, while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

6 & 4 s. M.

180.

ANONYMOUS.

“Let there be light.”

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel ray
Sheds not its glorious day,
“Let there be light!”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
“Let there be light!”
- 3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight!
Move o’er the waters’ face,
Bearer of hope and grace,
And in earth’s darkest place
“Let there be light!”

L. M.

181.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ’s Submission.

- 1 “FATHER divine!” the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
“Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 “But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,

I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done.
- 4 Then, though, like him, in dust we lie,
We 'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

L. M. 182. STENNETT.

"It is finished."

- 1 "'T is finished !" so the Saviour cried
And meekly bowed his head and died :
"'T is finished !" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "'T is finished !" all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'T is finished !" Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

C. M. 183. MRS. HEMANS.

"Peace ! be still !"

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,

- And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill ; —
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, “ Be still ! ”
- 3 And the wind ceased ; it ceased ! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky,
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.
- 4 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest’s mood,
O, send thy Spirit forth in power
O’er our dark souls to brood !
- 5 Thou that didst bow the billows’ pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,
Speak, speak, to passion’s raging tide,
Speak and say, — “ Peace, be still ! ”

S. M.

184.

DODDRIDGE.

“ If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me.”

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God’s delight
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

8 & 7 s. M.

185.

BOWRING.

The Cross of Christ.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

S. M. 186. EVANG. LUTH. COL.

Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 AUTHOR of life and bliss !
Thy goodness I adore.
O, give me strength to speak thy praise,
And grace to love thee more !
- 2 First for this world, so fair,
My daily thanks shall rise ;
For every comfort, every joy,
Thy bounteous hand supplies.
- 3 But yet a nobler cause
Demands my warmest love ;
Can words describe the wondrous gift
Descending from above ?
- 4 The Saviour dwelt on earth ;
He died, that we might live ;
Endured the sorrows of the cross,
Immortal hope to give.
- 5 Ah, who can tell the scorn
That our Redeemer bore ?
Or who describe the mental grief,
Which his blest bosom tore ?

- 6 Low in the grave he lay,
While darkness veiled the skies.
But, lo! — he bursts the bands of death;
To glory see him rise!
- 7 Father! this work is thine;
For us thou gav'st thy Son.
O, may we all devoted be,
And live to thee alone!

C. M. 187. R. WALKER'S COL.

Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 THE gracious Saviour bowed his head,
And drew his parting breath;
And as he lived to vanquish sin,
He died to conquer death.
- 2 Three days, — so high behests ordained,
Death triumphed o'er his prize;
The hour of grace at length arrived,
Behold the Conqueror rise!
- 3 He rose triumphant to his God;
He winged to heaven his flight,
Where endless ages he shall reign
Enthroned in realms of light.
- 4 Wondrous the grace, that gave to death
The best-beloved of God;
That bade the Saviour feel for us
Affliction's keenest rod.
- 5 With every grateful thought inspired,
Devoutly let us raise
Our humble voice to mercy's throne,
In never-ceasing praise.

- 6 Nor this be all ; the grateful life
Should speak the thankful mind :
The heart that feels redemption's good
Should be to good inclined.

7 s. M. 188. J. SCOTT.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 ANGEL ! roll the stone away !
Death ! give up thy mighty prey !
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song ;
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new-born !
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Calm those unbelieving fears ;
Doubt no more his power to save ;
See his own deserted grave !
- 4 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs !
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men ! in joyful strain
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 5 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

C. M. 189. DODDRIDGE varied.

Christ's Death and Exaltation.

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 His life for us he freely gave ;
Such wonders love can do ;
Thus, cold in death, that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain :
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs ;
The Saviour lives again !
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head ;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With cheerful hope may every saint
The vale of death survey ;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

P. M. 190. H. WARE.

The Resurrection of Christ, and Immortality secured.

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
“The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.”

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

7 s. M.

191.

COLLYER.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb !
Jesus dissipates its gloom !
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious fears away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

L. M.

192.

KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening." — Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 'T is gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if thou be near ;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

7 s. M.

193.

The Ascension of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, our triumphant head,
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory 's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

- 2 Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
Each bright order of the sky
Hails him as he passes by.
- 3 Heaven its King congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of victory bring ;
All the blissful regions ring.
- 4 Sinners, join the heavenly powers ;
For redemption all is ours.
Humble penitents shall prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
- 5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord !
Holy Lamb ! incarnate Word !
Hail, thou suffering Son of God !
Take the trophies of thy blood.

H. M.

194.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ seen of Angels.

- 1 O ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne !
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace ;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :

And praise to God
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled ;
And joyed to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep ;
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God ;

And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And thou, my heart !
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

C. M.

195.

MRS. BARBAULD.

For Easter Sunday.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom !
O, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

C. M. 196. WATTS.

The Lord's Day. Psalm 118.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace, —
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

L. M. 197. E. TAYLOR.

Love to Christ.

- 1 THERE 's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

- 2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.
- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
I weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

7 s. M.

198.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
In the true believer's breast ;
Musing on thy precious name,
Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2 By the ear or tuneful tongue,
Naught so sweet is heard or sung ;
Naught the mind can dwell upon
Sweet as God's belovèd Son.
- 3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,
Who thy goodness can display ?
How to those who *seek* thee kind !
What, ah ! what, to those who *find* ?

- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
Nor can pen of man indite ;
None can know, but they who prove,
What it is their Lord to love.

C. M. 199. DUNCAN.

The Glorification of Christ.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all !

L. M. 200. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Till then, — nor is the boasting vain, —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And, O, may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me !

7 s. M. 201. METHODIST COL.

Following Christ.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee ?
Poor and low in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise ?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ;
Only guided by thy light ;
Only mighty in thy might ?
- 3 So may I thy Spirit know,
Let it as it listeth blow ;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

C. M.

202.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Resignation.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
“ O God, thy will be done ! ”
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O, teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son !
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
“ Thy will, not mine, be done.”

S. M.

203.

HAMMOND.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart ;
And grace inspire our song.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the heavenly King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
“ Ye blessèd children, come ! ”
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

C. M.

204.

WATTS.

Song of the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus ; ”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

7 S. M.

205.

BOWRING.

“Father! glorify thy name.”

- 1 FATHER! glorify thy name!
Whatsoe'er our portion be,
Wheresoever led by thee,
If to glory, — if to shame, —
Father! glorify thy name!
- 2 Let thy name be glorified!
If in doubt and darkness lost,
Hope deceived and purpose crossed,
Naught amiss can e'er betide, —
Let thy name be glorified!
- 3 Father! glorify thy name!
Vain and blind our wishes are;
This can be no idle prayer,
This can be no worthless claim, —
Father! glorify thy name!

L. M.

206.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom. Psalm 72.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more ; —

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice ; —

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

C. M.

207.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

The universal Triumphs of the Messiah's Kingdom. Isaiah ii. 2-6.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
 "Up to the hill of God," they 'll say,
 "And to his house, we 'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

S. M.

208.

WATTS.

Moses and Christ.

- 1 THE law by Moses came ;
 But peace, and truth, and love
 Were brought by Christ, — a nobler name, —
 Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done ;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.

- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

S. M. 209. WATTS.

Christ's Commission.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief-beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

S. M. 210. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 GRACE ! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

L. M. 211. MASON.

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord ! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ; —
- 3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face ;
Yet those who trusted in his name
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

- 5 O Thou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 6 While we thine image, there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

L. M. 212.

Christ our Exemplar.

- 1 BLEST Jesus, how divinely bright
In thee each heavenly virtue shone,
When for our sakes incarnate here !
How justly styled "the Holy One !"
- 2 With what a strong and vivid flame
Did thy devotion ever rise,
While each revolving day and night
Witnessed thy visits to the skies.
- 3 The guiltless spirit, and the mind
From pride, from passion, ever free,
Patient, and just, and pure, and kind,
Are faint descriptions, Lord, of thee.
- 4 Fain would I wear thy lovely form,
And in each sacred virtue shine ;
O, may thy spirit on my soul
Deep trace the portraiture divine !
- 5 Thou blessed Sun, with quickening rays
Pervade this cold and flinty breast ;
Kindle up life through all my powers,
And be my guide to endless rest.

- 6 Yes, dear Redeemer, let thy love
 And power these sacred gifts impart ;
 I'll tune to thee the song of praise,
 With glowing gratitude of heart.
- 7 The listening earth shall learn thy name,
 Approve, and echo to my lay ;
 Angels and saints prolong the theme,
 With joy, through one eternal day.

C. M.

213.

ENFIELD.

Christ our Exemplar.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found,
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life, —
 He labored for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursued,
 While humble prayer and holy faith
 His fainting strength renewed.

- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

L. M.

214.

MRS. STEELE.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be, —
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

L. M.

215.

WATTS.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

7 s. M. 6 l.

216.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;

O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, admiring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time, —
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 " It is finished," hear him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 All is solitude and gloom; —
 Who has taken him away?
 Christ is risen; he meets our eyes.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

7 s. M.

217.

FURNESS.

Jesus our Leader.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee?
- 2 Blessèd Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever lean on him;
 From his precepts wisdom draw,
 Make his life my solemn law.

- 4 Thus, in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die ; —
- 5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ; —
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

7 S. M.

218.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitations.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ; —
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ; —
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

L. M. 219. MRS. STEELE.

Weary Souls invited to Christ.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes to God ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
May that sweet influence in our breast
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

7 S. M. 220. CRABBE.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait :

Knock, — he knows the sinner's cry ;
 Weep, — he loves the mourners's tears ;
 Watch, — for saving grace is nigh ;
 Wait, — till heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark, it is the Saviour's voice !
 " Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ! "
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest :
 Safe, — from all the lures of vice ;
 Owned, — by joys the contrite know ;
 Bought by love, — and life the price ;
 Blest, — the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
 In a world like this remains ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains :
 Fear — the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame — from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt — in full belief shall die,
 Pain — in endless bliss expire.

11 & 10s. M.

221.

MOORE.

Come, ye disconsolate.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 " Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, living and pure ;
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

L. M.

222.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

“ Lo, it is I: be not afraid.”

- 1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
 Hushed with a word the raging storm,
 In soothing accents Jesus said,
 “ Lo ! it is I: be not afraid.”
- 2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
 And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
 One thought shall every pang remove ;
 Trust, feeble man, thy Maker’s love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled, —
 “ Lo ! it is I: be not afraid.”
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
 He rules the seraph and the worm ;
 No creature is by him forgot,
 Of those who know, or know him not.
- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
 While shuddering Nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall call the pious dead, —
 “ Lo ! it is I: be not afraid.”

L. M. **223.** J. SCOTT.

Christian Privileges and Obligations.

- 1 How many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots my share of time
Within his gospel's favored clime !
- 2 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?
Shall I my great vocation stain ?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought !
Away, each sensual, earthly thought !
- 3 My soul ! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right, and acting well ;
Deep let thy searching powers engage,
Unbiassed, in the sacred page.
- 4 Heighten the force of good desire ;
To deeds of shining worth aspire ;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.
- 5 Strong and more strong, thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school ;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

H. M. **224.** DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;

But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine ;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

8 & 7s. M.

225.

COWPER.

The Glory of the Redeemed.

1 **HEAR** what God the Lord hath spoken : —
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow ;
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign :
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me ;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er ye,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

C. M. 226. WATTS.

Rejoicing in Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound !
'T is pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

H. M. 227. DODDRIDGE.

The Wilderness transformed. Is. xli. 18, 19.

- 1 AMAZING, beauteous change !
A world created new !

My thoughts with transport range,
 The lovely scene to view :
 In all I trace,
 Saviour divine,
 The work is thine ;
 Be thine the praise.

2 See crystal fountains play
 Amidst the burning sands ;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty lands ;
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, for ever new,
 The painted fields adorn ;
 The blushing rose
 And lily there
 In union fair
 Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
 All bare and disarrayed,
 See the wide-branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade ;
 Tall cedars nod,
 And oaks and pines,
 And elms and vines,
 Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er ;

No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more ;
 But infant hands
 Fierce tigers stroke,
 And lions yoke
 In flowery bands.

- 6 O when, Almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wondering eyes?
 That earth may raise,
 With all its tongues,
 United songs
 Of ardent praise.

H. M.

228.

DODDRIDGE

Blessing God for spiritual Blessings in Christ.

- 1 LOUD be thy name adored,
 Thy titles spread abroad,
 Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
 The Father and the God !
 Through such a Son,
 Thy church's head,
 Thine honors spread
 O'er worlds unknown.
- 2 Ten thousand gifts of love
 From thee through him descend,
 And bear our souls above
 To joys that never end :
 To heaven they soar,
 Sustained by God,
 And through the road
 His arm adore.

- 3 Ten thousand songs of praise
Shall by the Saviour rise,
And through eternal days
Shall echo round the skies :
New shouts we 'll give,
And loud proclaim
The honored name
By which we live.

C. M. 229. WATTS.

The Example of Christ and the Saints.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, — how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

L. M. 230. WATTS.

“Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.”

- 1 “COME hither, all ye weary souls ;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;

- I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus! we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

C. M.

231.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.

- 1 HARK! 't is our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat ;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow ;
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 "I have my day of combat known,
And in the dust was laid ;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

- 4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share ;
 My hands the crown shall give ;
 And you the sparkling honors wear
 While God himself shall live."

C. M. 232. FROTHINGHAM.

The Church.

- 1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
 Ere nature was begun !
 Make welcome to our erring race
 Thy Spirit and thy Son.
- 2 We hail the church built high o'er all
 The heathen's rage and scoff ;
 Thy providence its fenced wall, —
 " 'The Lamb the light thereof.' "
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
 Through sorrows and through scars ;
 The golden lamps are at his feet,
 And in his hand the stars.
- 4 O, may he walk among us here,
 With his rebuke and love ;
 A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
 A ray from worlds above.

C. M. 233. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

- 1 How honorable is the place
 Where we adoring stand !
 Zion, the glory of the earth
 And beauty of the land !

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell !
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling ;
 Enter, ye nations, that obey
 The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace ;
 You, that have known Jehovah's name,
 And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
 And banish all your fears ;
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
 Eternal as his years.

10 s. M.

234.

POPE.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise ;
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes ;
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.

- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
'Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

8 & 7 s. M.

235.

NEWTON.

The Church God's chosen Residence.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

S. P. M. 236. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God. Psalm 122.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 4 My tongue repeats her vows, —
 "Peace to thy sacred house!"
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

H. M. 237. DODDRIDGE.

The Glory of the Church in the latter Day. Isaiah lx. 1.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high;

Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh.
 Cheerful in God,
 Arise and shine,
 While rays divine
 Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head.
 The nations round
 Thy form shall view,
 With lustre new
 Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
 Reflect that sacred light ;
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright :
 Pursue his praise,
 Till sovereign love
 In worlds above
 The glory raise.

L. P. M.

238.

WATTS.

The God of the Gentiles. Psalm 96.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise, —
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 He framed the globe ; he built the sky ;
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there ;
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties, how divinely bright !
 His temple, how divinely fair !
- 3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name ;
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

THE SCRIPTURES.

L. M. 239. WATTS.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word, and must endure.

L. P. M. 240. WATTS.

The Works and Word of God.

- 1 GREAT GOD, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;
All nature joins to show thy praise ;
Thus God in every creature shines,
Fair are the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

L. M. 241. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared. Psalm 19.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;

- CL So, when thy truth began^{cl} its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

S. M.

242.

WATTS.

The Book of Nature and Scripture. Psalm 19.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice ;
He here reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

C. M. 243. COWPER.

Light and Glory of the Scriptures.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age, —
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise, —
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory break upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

S. M. 244. WATTS.

God's Word most excellent. Psalm 19.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 O, may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven !
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 Send thy good Spirit from above
 To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

THE SCRIPTURES.

L. P. M.

245.

WATTS.

Instruction and Delight from the Scriptures. Psalm 119.

- 1 How precious, Lord, thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray ;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
While gospel truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.
- 3 From the discoveries of thy law
What perfect rules of life we draw !
Be these our study and delight ;
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 O, may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain !
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We 'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

C. M.

246.

MRS. STEELE.

Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !

For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines !

2 Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever fresh delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light !

C. M.

247.

WATTS.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

3 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

C. M. 248. TATE & BRADY.

The Holy Scriptures. Psalm 19.

- 1 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil ; —
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give :
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

L. M. 249. EXETER COL.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 GRATEFUL the joyous news proclaim, —
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation ! — shout the glorious sound ;
Proclaim it to the world around.

- 2 Tell every fearful, trembling soul,
That Gospel grace will make him whole :
Invite the weary poor to come ;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 3 Jesus ! that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears ;
Shall ease the anxious, throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.
- 4 Jesus, our Prophet, Saviour, King !
For Jesus grateful praise we bring
To thee, from whom his blessings flowed,
To thee, our Father and our God.

L. M.

250.

BEDDOME.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

S. M. . 251. WATTS.

Blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

C. M. 252. WATTS.

Excellence of the Scriptures. Psalm 119.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,

Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look !

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go !

4 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

C. M. 253. WATTS.

The Excellency of Scripture. Psalm 119.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

- 3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

L. M. 254. BEDDOME.
The Light and Guidance of Scripture.

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God !
'T is for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 O, may it be our cloud by day,
Our fire amidst the evening gloom,
And light and lead us all the way
In which we travel to the tomb !

C. M. 255. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The good Seed.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

C. M. 256. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain :
In vain we plant without thy aid,
And water, too, in vain.

- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain ;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

L. M.

257.

BOWRING.

Jesus preaching the Gospel.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ! "
Yes ! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

C. M. 258. WATTS.

The Invitation of the Gospel.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend
 And every heart rejoice ;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind, —
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away, and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

S. M.

259.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Gospel Invitations.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come":
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

S. M.

260.

J. SCOTT.

Meekness and Candor in investigating Divine Truth.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need,
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

C. P. M.

261.

REV. H. MOORE.

Unrivalled Beauty and Glory of Religion.

- 1 SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale :
- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.
- 3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground,
And groves and gardens blooming round
Unnumbered charms unfold ;

Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold :

- 4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

DIVINE INFLUENCES.

C. M. 262. H. WARE, JR.

Invoking God's Aid.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
 Would lift itself in prayer ;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
 And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
 The mercies of my Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
 To bear me on to God.
- 3 O, help me break the galling chains
 This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
 Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father, kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In thine almighty name.

S. M. 263. WESLEYAN.

Seeking Aid from God.

- 1 FATHER, thine aid afford,
 For still the same thou art ;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
 Lift up my feeble heart.

- 2 Thou seest my troubled breast,
 The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
 The trials that I feel.
- 3 In thee all fulness dwells,
 And all for erring man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
 And sunder every chain.
- 4 I long to see thy face,
 Thy spirit I implore, —
The living water of thy grace,
 That I may thirst no more.

C. M.

264.

SMART.

Imploring Divine Guidance.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
 Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
 And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
 To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
 To keep my end in sight ;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart, —

- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love !
 And all my darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

L. M.

265.

BROWNE.

Our Guide.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
 And make us know and choose thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his pastures stray ;
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with him for ever blest ;
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

L. M.

266.

MRS. STEELE.

Seeking for Divine Assistance.

- 1 MY GOD ! whene'er my longing heart
 Its grateful tribute would impart,
 In vain my tongue, with feeble aim,
 Attempts the glories of thy name.

- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O, let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire, —
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet !
- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony and praise and love ;
That grace which tunes the immortal strings
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O, let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue !
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.

L. M.

267.

MORAVIAN.

For Guardianship and Guidance.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

L. M. **268.** CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Divine Help.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.
- 2 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee;
And only love what pleases thee.
- 4 O, may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

L. M. **269.** REV. H. MOORE.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!

Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below ; —

- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost ; —
- 3 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want ;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

L. M. 270. BEDDOME.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

L. M. 271. LIV. R. S. COL.

Prayer for Divine Influence in worshipping God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! before whose throne
The secrets of all hearts are known,
Thou who approv'st the voice sincere,
And hear'st and answer'st all our prayer ; —
- 2 Thou who the homage wilt despise
Of lying lips and wandering eyes ;
And spurn the sacrifice that brings
To heavenly aims terrestrial things ; —
- 3 O, grant us, in this awful hour,
To feel thy love, to own thy power ;
And, from the world's allurements free,
Raise each exalted thought to thee.

L. M. 272. DODDRIDGE.

God the Father of our Spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their Father rise ;
His power how vast ! his thoughts how wise !
- 3 O, may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love.

7s. M.

273.

WESLEYAN.

Seeking Divine Blessings.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O, do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 3 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

10 s. M.

274.

JOHNSON.

God the Source of Light and Comfort.

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides !
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God ! we spring ; to thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

C. M.

275.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Our Strength is in God.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands ;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar ;
 Their wings are faith and love ;
 Till, past the cloudy regions here,
 They rise to heaven above.

C. M. 276. CAPPE'S SELECT.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal Blessings.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light !
 Supremely good and wise !
 To thee we bring our grateful vows,
 To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
 With truth's celestial rays ;
 Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
 And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Conduct us safely, by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road,
 And place us, when our journey's o'er,
 In heaven, thy blest abode.

C. M. 277. MRS. STEELE.

The transforming Vision of God.

- 1 MY God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy
 To all the flattering world can give,
 Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene.
 My brightest joys decline ;
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
 This wandering heart of mine.

- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
Unsatisfied I stray ;
Break through the shades of sense and sin
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O, let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove ;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
So shall I scorn each little snare
Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake ;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heavenly bliss partake.

C. M. 278. DODDRIDGE.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold, thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 5 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield ;
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

C. M. 279. SALISBURY COL.

The Acceptable Offering.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need
To form our hearts anew ;
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show !
- 3 Father of light ! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We 'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we 'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And, with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
Unsatisfied I stray ;
Break through the shades of sense and sin
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O, let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove ;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
So shall I scorn each little snare
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C. M.

278.

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And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,
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DIVINE INFLUENCES.

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The Acceptable Offering.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need
To form our hearts anew ;
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show !
- 3 Father of light ! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We 'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we 'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And, with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

L. M. 280. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Teachings and their happy Consequences.

- 1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits and of grace,
O, dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day,
And ask thy Spirit, with the Word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their fathers' God ;
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet ;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

L. M. 281. MERRICK.

Desire of Instruction. Psalm 119.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord ! thy way ;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

- 3 Give me to know thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight ;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.
- 4 O, turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

S. M. 282. HERBERT.

“Do all to the glory of God.”

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee ; —
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all, be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause, —
The meanest work divine.

C. M. 283. A. C. L.

Safety in God. Psalm 61.

- 1 HEAR, O my God ! in mercy hear
Thy suppliant's humble cry ;
Oppressed with grief, and chilled by fear,
To thee I lift mine eye.
- 2 From the wide earth's remotest bound,
I pour the fervent prayer ;
Thy sovereign balm for every wound
Can reach me, even there.
- 3 When anguish overwhelms my heart,
And sorrow's waves roll high,
Then graciously thy aid impart,
And cheer the lifted eye.
- 4 O, lead me to the shadowing rock
That lifts its friendly form ;
For there, secure from every shock,
My bark shall ride the storm.
- 5 There, in the haven of thine arms,
My soul shall fear no ill,
But rest secure from all alarms,
Since thou art with me still.
- 6 So will I daily tune my voice
To rapturous songs of praise,
Each hour with gratitude rejoice,
And hymns of gladness raise.

L. M. 284. WATTS.

God the Confidence of the Good at all Times.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad ; —
- 4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made heavens go round ;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise ?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith !
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 7 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
 Above the ruinable skies
 Where the Eternal Builder reigns
 And his own courts his power sustains.

S. M. 285. WESLEY'S COL.

Prayer for Christian Principles.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer :
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name ;
 A zealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me ;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

L. M.

286.

C. WESLEY.

For the Influences of the Spirit.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
 Of love and of a healthful mind ;
 Of power to conquer every sin,
 Of love to God and all mankind ;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

God the Refuge of the Just.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please ;
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we 'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

DIVINE INFLUENCES.

- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee !

S. M. 288. WATTS.

Seeking God. Psalm 63.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, — to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this, —
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

L. M.

289.

WESLEY'S COL.

Deliverances acknowledged.

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see ;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun ;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run ;
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 & 7 s. M.

290.

The Heart given to God.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all thine own ;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it, —
This proud heart of sin and stone.

- 2 Heavenly Father ! deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will ;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
- 3 Father ! make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 4 Ever let thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it, —
Made it to be wholly thine.
- 5 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it, —
Guide it in the path to heaven.

7 & 6 s. M.

291.

WESLEYAN.

The Whispers of Grace.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin and noise
And tumult I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;

Silent am I now and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.

L. M. 292. DRYDEN.

“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind,
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 4 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, O, inflame and fire our hearts;
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul.
- 5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.
- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe;
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

C. M. 293. WATTS.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys !
Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

C. M. 294. HEBER.

Pentecost.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth ! on this thy day
 To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervor in our own.

- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

8, 6, & 4 s. M.

295.

SPRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

6 & 10 s. M.

296.

JONES VERY.

Desires for God's Presence.

- 1 WILT thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.
- 2 Wilt thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.
- 3 Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.
- 4 Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

C. M. 297. DODDRIDGE.

God the Salvation of his People.

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal Rock 's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view ;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see ;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

L. M. 298. RIPPON'S COL.

Spiritual Influences compared to Rain.

- 1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 2 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

- 3 'That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind :
'Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

L. M. 299. DODDRIDGE.

Living Water.

- 1 BLEST Jesus! Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
" Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below."
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide ;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love !

C. M. 300. LOGAN.

Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 O, **HAPPY** is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

S. M. 301. WATTS.

Wisdom. Proverbs viii.

- 1 **SHALL** Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal word, —
Deserves it no regard ?

- 2 "I was his chief delight,
 His everlasting Son,
 Before the first of all his works,
 Creation, was begun.
- 3 "Before the flying clouds,
 Before the solid land,
 Before the fields, before the floods,
 I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 "When he adorned the skies,
 And built them, I was there,
 To order when the sun should rise,
 And marshal every star.
- 5 "When he poured out the sea,
 And spread the flowing deep,
 I gave the flood a firm decree,
 In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 "Then come, receive my grace,
 Ye children, and be wise :
 Happy the man that keeps my ways ;
 The man that shuns them dies."

C. M.

302.

COWPER.

Human Frailty.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan.
 To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part ;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

- 3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

L. M.

303.

COWPER.

Temptation.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves ; say, "Peace! be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

L. M.

304.

DODDRIDGE.

Choice of the Better Part.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

C. M.

305.

MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom : — Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
 To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
 Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
 In wisdom's pleasant ways !

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

C. M.

306.

MONTGOMERY.

Preparation of the Heart.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see, —
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live ; —
- 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by thy spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

C. M.

307.

COWPER.

Lonely Devotion.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

C. M.

308.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays."
- 6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !

7s. M.

309.

METHODIST COL.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness, in our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

L. M.

310.

COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

7 & 6 s. M.

311.

EDIN. LIT. REVIEW.

"Pray without ceasing."

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,

E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.

- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare, —
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer :
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall ;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love, who gave thee all.

C. M.

312.

WATTS.

Prayer and Hope. Psalm 27.

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
 “ Ye children, seek my grace,”
 My heart replied, without delay,
 “ I 'll seek my Father's face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to thee,
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God would make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed
 To see thy grace provide relief ;
 Nor was my hope deceived.

- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

C. M.

313.

MONTGOMERY.

" Ask, and ye shall receive."

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?
 Whatever good we want ;
 Whatever man may seek to share,
 Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies ! — thou
 In whom we move and live !
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel,
 O, give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in thee be found
 A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow
 In faith, in hope, and love ;
 And walk in holiness below
 To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
 Desire and envy cease,
 Be thou the portion of our heart, —
 In thee may we have peace.

C. M.

314.

DODDRIDGE.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O, may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

C. M.

315.

MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 'The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 'Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

L. M.

316.

RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 'To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
 While, all around, the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
 To hush the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour ! for where the Lord resorts
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

C. M.

317.

POPE.

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
- 2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind; —
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 5 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

- 8 This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.
- 9 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

S. M.

318.

JOHNS.

"Thy kingdom come."

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love !
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
 Extend thy healing reign ;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
 That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And make the broad earth thine ;
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And raise thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless his own.

C. M.

319.

WESLEY'S COL

"Thy kingdom come."

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man ;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in ; —
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

S. M.

320.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

C. M. 321.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father, high enthroned above,
With boundless glory crowned ;
Fountain of light, and life, and love,
Ten thousand worlds around !
- 2 Supremely honored be thy name,
By every grateful mind,
Whether a pure, ethereal flame,
Or yet in flesh confined.
- 3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad ;
Till earth, and all her millions, sing
The praises of their God.
- 4 O, be thy will on earth obeyed,
As 't is obeyed above,
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.

- 5 "These are for ever thine," in songs
 Heaven's blissful myriads cry ;
 "These are for ever thine," our tongues
 In humbler notes reply.

L. M. 322. J. SCOTT.

Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father ! throned above the sky,
 To thee our empty hands we spread ;
 Thy children at thy footstool lie,
 And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,
 As clouds before the solar beam ;
 Our souls from bondage and from hell
 To liberty and life redeem.
- 3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
 In that august and precious name
 By thee ordained, we now draw near,
 And would the promised blessing claim.
- 4 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
 For gracious audience to thy seat ;
 Still hoping, waiting for success,
 If persevering to entreat.
- 5 For Jesus, in his faithful word,
 The patient supplicant has blest ;
 And all thy saints, with one accord,
 The prevalence of prayer attest.

S. M. 323. WATTS.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

P. M. 324.

"Thy will be done."

- 1 "THY will be done !" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done !"
- 2 "Thy will be done !" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine, —
"Thy will be done !"

- 3 "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
 Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
 Is ours; — to breathe, while we adore,
 "Thy will be done!"

L. M. 6 l.

325.

MORAVIAN.

Seeking after God.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light;
 Inly I sigh for thy repose;
 My heart is pained; nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would; but though my will
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee;
 Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O, when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy life, thy God, thy all!"
 To know thee, love thee, feel thee nigh, —
 Be this my everlasting joy.

L. M.

326.

COWPER.

"My soul thirsteth for God."

- 1 DEAR fountain of delight unknown,
 No longer sink below the brim,
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living and life-giving stream.
- 2 I want that grace that springs from thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

7 s. M. 6 l.

327.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
 Panteth for the water-brooks,
 So my soul, athirst for thee,
 Pants the living God to see;
 When, O when, with filial fear,
 Lord, shall I to thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
 Why art thou disquieted?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And his countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

C. M.

328.

WATTS.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I 'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasant sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I 'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen ;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before the Eternal All.

C. M.

329.

WESLEY'S COL.

The Promised Rest.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone ;

- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin !
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

L. M. 6 l.

330.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine !
And, lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me, Father, in thy name.
- 2 Father, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The healing of my broken heart ;
In strife, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown ; —
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in evil's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

8 & 7 s. M.

331.

WESLEY'S COL.

The Love of God.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

C. M.

332.

DODDRIDGE.

Joy from the Presence of God.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
 With rays of beauty shine ;
 O, let thy favor crown our days,
 And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain ;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin ;
 With thee each day be spent ;

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

C. M.

333.

DODDRIDGE.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur, and their praise,
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read thy name,
True life, to obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

C. M.

334.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

8, 7, & 4 s. M.

335.

OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

L. M.

336.

WATTS.

“Truly my soul waiteth upon God.”

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone ;
 My rock and refuge is his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face ;
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 Once has his awful voice declared,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 “ All power is his eternal due ;
 He must be feared and trusted too.”
- 4 For sovereign power reigns not alone ;
 Grace is a partner of the throne :
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

L. M.

340.

REV. H. MOORE.

Preservation from Sin implored.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray
To guide us in the doubtful way ;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach us the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each noble principle impart ;
That faith that sanctifies the heart,
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love, that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is honest, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant zeal pursue,
That may we love and practise too.
- 6 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride
Allure our wandering souls aside ;
Nor tempt us from the narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.

L. M.

341.

EXETER COL.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

- 1 GREAT GOD! my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend!
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger 's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!
- 5 Search, gracious God! my inmost heart;
From guilt and error set me free;
Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

L. M. 6 l.

342.

HEBER.

Seeking Refuge.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

L. M.

343.

DODDRIDGE.

The Rest of the grateful Soul. Psalm 116.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
 Upon thy heavenly Father's breast :
 Indulge me, Lord, in that repose
 The soul which loves thee only knows.
- 2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more
 The tempest's howl, the billows' roar :
 Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
 Which violate the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
 The power of language to recount ;
 From morning dawn the setting sun
 Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
 In future hopes more richly blessed,
 I 'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
 A note of more proportioned praise.

C. M.

344.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ; —
 That heart shall rest on thee !

7 S. M.

345.

WESLEYAN.

“Ye are the temple of God.”

- 1 **LIGHT** of life, seraphic fire !
 Love divine, thyself impart :
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Enter every drooping heart :
 Every mournful sinner cheer,
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Father, in thy grace appear,
 To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour,
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less:
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

L. M. 346. WATTS.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon, —
 Vanish, as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
 While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 4 Great All in All, Eternal King,
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

C. M. 347. WATTS.

Breathing after Holiness. Psalm 119.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!

- O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'T is a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

S. M.

348.

WESLEYAN.

For a holy Heart.

- 1 GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy holy spirit write
Thy law upon my heart :
My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let naught my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !
- 2 Imbue my constant mind
With deep humility,

And let an ardent zeal be joined
 With perfect charity ;
 That grace to me impart,
 With meekness to reprove,
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 And still the sinner love.

- 3 Long as my trials last,
 Long as the cross I bear,
 O, let my soul on thee be cast
 In confidence and prayer !
 Conduct me to the shore
 Of everlasting peace,
 Where storm and tempest rise no more,
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

C. M.

349.

WESLEYAN.

For Purity of Heart.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that always feels how good
 Thou, Lord, hast been to me.
- 2 O for a humble, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him who dwells within ; —
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 Conformed, O Lord, to thine.
- 4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 O, write thy name upon my heart ;
 Thy name, O God, is love.

7 s. M.

350.

MERRICK.

Seeking a clean Heart. Psalm 19.

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

L. M. 6 l.

351.

"My soul panteth after thee, O God."

- 1 As, panting in the sultry beams,
The hart desires the cooling streams,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

L. M.

352.

DODDRIDGE.

For Inward Purity.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

S. M.

353.

WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God ;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin, —
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 6 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

S. M.

354.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Constant Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker and my King !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move.
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

C. M.

355.

DODDRIDGE.

Sincere Love to Christ.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursèd idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame ?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

C. M. 356. PROUD.

The Happiness of a Christian.

- 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The sensual life subdued by grace,
And all the soul refined ; —
- 2 The desert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briers grew ;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen flowers revive ;
Spring blooms without, within is peace, —
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy Christian, richly blessed !
What floods of pleasure roll !
By God and man he stands confessed,
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy :
His Maker is his friend ;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end.

C. M. 357. J. NEWTON.

Hidden Strength of the Christian.

- 1 REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

C. M.

358.

WATTS.

The hidden Life of a Christian.

- 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;

Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his Life, appear.
- 6 He looks to heaven's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day ;
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot-wheels !
How long is thy delay !

C. M.

359.

DODDRIDGE.

Having the Son, and having Life in him.

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine !"
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall for ever live ;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny ;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

L. M.

360.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Service.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

C. M.

361.

WATTS.

Aspiration after Holiness. Psalm 119.

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust :
Lord, give me life divine !
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers ;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still ?
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace !
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES AND SENTI- MENTS.

C. M. 362. WATTS.

Faith of Things unseen.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight, —
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abram, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands ;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

C. M. 363. TURNER.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares ; —

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

L. M.

364.

WATTS.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."

- 1 'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and Faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

C. M. 365. WREFORD.

For Increase of Faith.

- 1 LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak ;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief ;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow !
Help thou my unbelief !

C. M. 366. BATH COL.

Prayer for strong Faith.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ; —

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ; —
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ; —
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown ;
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile ; —
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

7 & 6 s. M.

367.

COWPER.

Joy and Peace in believing.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
'To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 " E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !
- 3 " It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 " Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet, God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice."

C. M. 368. WATTS.

A living Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust !

- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'T is faith that changes all the heart ;
'T is faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

L. M. 369. COWPER.

A living and a dead Faith.

- 1 THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere ;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates, bordered round,
The need of holiness expressed,
And called for fruit as well as sound.
- 4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

- 5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

L. M.

370.

DRUMMOND.

"Faith without works is dead."

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith,—a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.
- 4 In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 5 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er it winds its secret way;
But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The fount has never wandered there.

S. M.

371.

BEDDOME.

Christian Unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

P. M.

372.

ANONYMOUS.

God is Love.

- 1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.
- 2 When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
 I 'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.
- 4 Yes, God is love ; — a thought like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
 For God is love.

C. M.

373.

WATTS.

Love to God.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast ;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 't is all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

C. M. 374. WATTS.

God my only Happiness. Psalm 73.

- 1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 't is night.
- 3 And whilst, upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'T is morning with my soul.
- 4 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore, —
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

L. M. 375. WATTS.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command, —
 “ Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God
 With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 Share thine affections and esteem ;
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke ;
 This did the prophets preach and prove ;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law ’s fulfilled by love.
- 4 But, O, how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne’er perform thy will.

L. M. 376. BROWNE.

Love to all Mankind.

- 1 O God, my Father and my King,
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring !
 Send down thy spirit from above,
 And fill my heart with heavenly love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain,
 That hurts or gives another pain ;
 And bear a sympathizing part,
 Whene’er I meet a wounded heart.

- 3 And let my neighbour's prosperous state
A mutual joy in me create ;
His virtuous triumph let me join ;
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 4 And though my neighbour's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love,
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
- 5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
'Thus let me his disciple prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

S. M. 377. { PRINCE'S N. E. VERS.
OF PSALMS.

Brotherly Love. Psalm 133.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, how good it is,
 And what a joy to see,
 When brethren with each other dwell
 In love and unity !
- 2 'T is like the precious oil
 They poured on Aaron's head,
 Which down his hair and garment flowed,
 And fragrant odors spread.
- 3 Or as refreshing dew
 On Hermon's mount distils ;
 Or like the pearly drops that shine
 On **Zion's** joyful hills.

- 4 For there the Lord commands,
And doth his blessing give, —
The foretaste of that blessedness
Which shall for ever live.

C. M. 378.

Humility, Tenderness, and Sympathy.

- 1 THOU great and sacred Lord of all !
Of life the only spring ;
Of all on earth, and all in heaven,
The wise and righteous King ;
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
All stubbornness and pride ;
Nor let me in the dangerous scenes,
That sinners choose, abide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 Nor brooding spleen, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known ;
Tears may I find for others' woe,
And patience for my own.
- 5 Feed me with necessary food,
I ask not wealth or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
A heart to praise thy name.
- 6 Serenely may my days move on,
Without remorse or care ;
And may I for the parting hour
In every hour prepare.

C. M.

379.

WATTS.

Charity.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare, —
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.
- 4 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

6 & 8 s.

380.

MONTGOMERY.

Brotherly Love. Psalm 133.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !
'T is like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.
- 2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cup of Hermon's flowers ;

Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers ;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love !

L. M. 381. BROWNE.

The Properties of Christian Charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervor and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise ;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage retires, and malice dies.
- 3 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 4 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn,
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

C. M.

382.

PEABODY.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbour? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour? 'T is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

L. M.

383.

WATTS.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the cravings of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
'The work of love can e'er fulfil.

7 s M.

384.

J. TAYLOR.

Love to God and Man.

- 1 **FATHER** of our feeble race !
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy haunts of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity, with liberal store:
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

S. M. 385. J. SCOTT.

Compassion and Forgiveness.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of woe, —
 A fellow-mortal mourns;
 My eyes with pity overflow,
 My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,
 The hungry beg for bread;
 O, let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed!
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
 Who would, but cannot, pay;
 And shall I lenity refuse,
 Who need it every day?
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
 Touched by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 Nor will offend again"?
- 5 How else on soaring wing
 Can hope bear high my prayer,
 Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
 To plead for pardon there?

- 6 The bountiful and kind
 Thy bounty shall repay ;
 With thee shall the forgiving find
 A sweet forgiving day.
- 7 But all who here below
 Mercy refuse to grant,
 Shall judgment without mercy know,
 When mercy most they want.

C. M. 386. MRS. BARBAULD.
 Compassion.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands !
 His weeping followers, gathering round,
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell !
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.
- 3 " Blest is the man, whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain ; —
- 4 " Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 5 " He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief ;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.

- 6 "To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

L. M. 387. WATTS.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

- 5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 7 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

L. M. 6 l.

388.

J. TAYLOR.

Beneficence.

- 1 O YE, who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace, —
Who ask in prayer, and own in praise,
That bounteous love which gilds your days, —
Catch from above the hallowed flame,
And dignify the Christian name !
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there ;
With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile ;
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God has stamped his image there.
- 3 When he, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,

Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale ;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
“ Ye blessed of my Father, come ! ”

L. M. 389.

Christian Zeal tempered by Charity.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul !
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervors of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And, O, let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings which I bring.
- 3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will ;
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal, —
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

C. M. 390. MISS FLETCHER.

Kindly Judgment.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet !

Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the selfsame God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

- 2 Speak gently to the erring ones !
 Thou yet mayst lead them back,
 With holy words, and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet may be ;
 Deal gently with the erring heart,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

L. M.

391.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Pious Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love ! what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe ;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
 There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

L. M. 392. J. SCOTT.

The Vanity of Forms without true Piety.

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man, — this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

C. M. 393. WATTS.

Version of Matthew iii. 9.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race
(Their fathers now with God).

- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous power doth he possess,
Who formed our mortal frame,
Who called the world from emptiness,
The world obeyed, and came.

L. M. 394. BUTCHER.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord," &c.

- 1 NOT he whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise ;
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word ; —
- 2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love ;
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows ; —
- 3 Whose heart enlarged bids him embrace,
As brethren, all the human race ;
Who for his friends with ardor glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.
- 4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crowned, above the skies ;
Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
And place by God's immortal throne.

C. M. 395.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
- 2 Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed;
In others' griefs our own to find,
In others' blessings blessed.
- 3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.
- 4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.
- 5 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.
- 6 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

L. M.

396.

J. SCOTT.

The Fear of God.

- 1 GREAT AUTHOR of all nature's frame !
Holy and reverend is thy name !
Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death,
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye,
Are less than nothing, vanity ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name and hear thy word !
With such thy dwelling is, on those
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.
- 4 Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends,
Their life, till life its journey ends ;
Death shall convey them to thy seat,
Where all thy saints in glory meet.
- 5 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin !
- 6 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart !
But act, with unabating power
Within me, to my latest hour.

L. M.

397.

BEDDOME.

Submission.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let one murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, — the cause conceals.
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

C. M.

398.

WATTS.

Submission to afflictive Providences.

- 1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors, borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

- 3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we 'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

L. M.

399.

MISS ROSCOE.

Resignation.

- 1 THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime !
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

- 5 That glorious life will well repay
 This life of toil and care and woe ;
 O Father ! joyful on my way,
 To drink thy bitter cup I go.

L. M. 400. MRS. COTTERILL.

Subjection to the Divine Will.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand !
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
 Mould every purpose of the soul ;
 O'er all may we victorious be
 That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee ;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,
 Until the final summons come,
 That calls thy willing servants home.

8 & 6 s. M. 401. ANONYMOUS.

"Thy will be done."

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done !"

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done!"
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death, teach me to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

C. M.

402.

COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

- 3 No ! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !
- 6 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

L. M. 6 l.

403.

H. WARE, JR.

Prayer for the right Use of Sickness.

- 1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;
I see its merciful intent
To warn me back to thy control ;
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.
- 2 The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities :
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
 And let thy peace abound in me ;
 That I may trust myself no more,
 But wholly cast myself on thee.
 O, let my Father's strength be mine,
 And my devoted life be thine !

H. M.

404.

MRS. MILES.

Support in Affliction.

- 1 THOU, infinite in love,
 Guide this bewildered mind,
 Which, like the trembling dove,
 No resting-place can find
 On the wild waters ! — God of light,
 Through the thick darkness lead me right !
- 2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,
 And fear and anguish fly ;
 Let there again be peace,
 As in the days gone by :
 In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
 Remembering Gethsemane.
- 3 Fain would earth's true and dear
 Save me in this dark hour ;
 And art not thou more near ?
 Art thou not love and power ?
 Vain is the help of man, — but thou
 Canst send deliverance even now.
- 4 Though through the future's shade
 Pale phantoms I descry,
 Let me not shrink dismayed,
 But ever feel thee nigh ;
 There may be grief, and pain, and care,
 But, O my Father ! thou art there.

7 & 6 s. M.

405.

WESLEY.

Safety and Help in God.

- 1 To the haven of thy breast,
O God of love ! I fly ;
Be my refuge and my rest
Whene'er the storm is high.
- 2 In the day of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my hour of helplessness
Restraining me from sin.
- 3 Welcome as the water-spring
Within the barren place,
O, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 First and last, in me perform
The work thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun.
- 5 O, how swiftly dost thou move,
In every trial hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

12 s. M.

406.

ANONYMOUS.

" O Lord, I know that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me."

- 1 FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my
King ?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for
ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace ?

- 2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my
breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed ?
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night ?
- 3 For this should I praise thee ; but, if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss :
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I
bear ; —
- 4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears.
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.
- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone ;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me, —
'T was the message of mercy, — it led me to thee.

S. M. 407.

“ Rejoice in the Lord alway.”

- 1 **REJOICE** in God alway ;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress ;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear,
Rejoice in life and death ;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls, —
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls ?
- 5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

C. M. 408. NOEL.

Hope in God under Affliction.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in night.
- 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him, face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

- 5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care ;
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

C. M. 409. WATTS.

Preservation by Day and Night. Psalm 121.

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite ;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home

C. M. 410.

Complaint of Ingratitude.

- 1 GREAT God ! to thee my all I owe,
And shall my tongue be still ?
Shall streams of mercy often flow
Untinged with any ill ?
- 2 Shall every day new favors bring,
And every night proclaim
My God their bounteous source and spring,
And yet unpraised his name ?
- 3 Shall every moment prove his grace,
And show his tender care ?
And is my heart not found the place
Where warm affections are ?
- 4 Shall changing seasons, day and hour,
Each minute as it flies,
Evince thy ever bounteous power,
And see new blessings rise ?
- 5 And does my soul no rapture find,
No ardent thanks express,
No praises warm my callous mind,
As humbly I confess ?
- 6 Then, O my God, one favor still
Add to thy boundless store :
My soul with grateful raptures fill, —
I 'll praise thee, and adore !

7 S. M.

411.

CONDER.

Our Daily Bread.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell :
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 " Day by day," the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in thy hand :
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer !
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

S. M.

412.

J. WESLEY.

Reliance.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands, —

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, — his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

C. M. 413. ANONYMOUS.

Trust in the Lord.

- 1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.
- 2 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.
- 3 Lord, not my will, but thine, be done !
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

L. M.

414.

J. NEWTON.

Trust in God.

- 1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and shares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

7 S. M.

415.

WESLEYAN.

God a Refuge.

- 1 FATHER, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O God, art all I want ;
 Boundless love, through Christ, I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart ;
 Reign to all eternity.

C. M.

416.

MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the Divine Will.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee ;
 Thine ever-watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
 O, let thy power be our defence,
 Thy love our footsteps guide.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft, with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill, —

- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply :
 The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

C. M.

417.

J. NEWTON.

Trust in God.

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell ;
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near ;
 And, when they plead his love and power,
 He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days
 Who trusted in his name ;
 And we can witness, to his praise,
 His love is still the same.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light ;
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine ;
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.
- 6 Let us enjoy and highly prize
 The tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
 To worship thee above.

C. M. 418. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in God's Word.

- 1 WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain ! —
It sinks and dies away.
- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop ;
I lean upon the Lord ;
My God, the pillar of my hope
Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys
Celestial beings know ;
And 't is the same almighty voice
Supports the saints below.
- 4 'T is this upholds the rolling spheres
And heaven's immortal frame ;
Then let my soul suppress her fears, —
My basis is the same.
- 5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath,
For ever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor shall my trust be vain.

C. M. 419. MILMAN.

“ Lord, be thou my helper.”

- 1 O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father ! from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

L. M. 6 l.

420.

ADDISON.

Reliance on God.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,

With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

C. M. 421. T. HUMPHRIES.

“ Lord, remember me.”

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
“ Good Lord, remember me ! ”

- 6 And, when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
 Good Lord, remember me.

C. M. 422. DODDRIDGE.

Assurance of the Divine Presence and Help.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our fear?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God, —
 Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
 And bears up all the skies,
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
 When dangers round us rise?
- 3 On this support my soul shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death must smile,
 If God be with me there.
- 4 While I his gracious succour prove
 'Midst all my various ways,
 The darkest shades through which I pass
 Shall echo with his praise.

L. M. 423. TATE & BRADY.

Confidence in Divine Protection.

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress, and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Who then deserves to be adored
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend.

C. M. 424. WATTS.

God our Portion. Psalm 73.

- 1 GOD ! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me ;
And, whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

C. M. 425. T. MOORE varied.

“ He healeth the broken in heart.”

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when in pain and sorrow here,
 We could not fly to thee !
- 2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

7 s. M. 426. RYLAND.

“ My times are in thy hand.”

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.

- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power ;
Thou wilt guide me hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree ; —
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love ; —
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

C. M.

427.

DODDRIDGE varied.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 My God ! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Calmly I watched my ebbing life ;
I knew thy time was best ;
Nor feared to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.
- 4 Into thy hands, my gracious God !
Did I my soul resign,
And humbly trusted in thy grace,
For pardoning love is thine.

- 5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come ;
Nor would I wish a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

C. M. 428. WATTS.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. Psalm 71.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
'Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

L. M. 429. WATTS.

Seeking Pardon and Aid. Psalm 51.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 O, may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

L. M. 430. WATTS.

Penitence. Psalm 51.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

7 s. M.

431.

J. TAYLOR.

Penitential.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ; —
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ; —

- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 O, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all praise belongs !

S. M.

432.

MRS. STEELE.

Contrition.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See, low before thy throne,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, " Return " ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light,
 Without one cheering ray ;
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 4 On this benighted heart
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy !

L. M. 6 l.

433.

ANONYMOUS.

Peace for troubled Souls.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Reveals thy weight of inward woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God :
Thy God 's thy Saviour, — glorious word !
For ever love and praise thy Lord.

C. M.

434.

JERVIS.

Comfort from the Assurance of Forgiveness.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind, —
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
 Peace to my anxious breast :
 Conduct me in the path that leads
 To everlasting rest.

C. M.

435.

DODDRIDGE.

Inconstancy in Religion.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
 We hail thy sacred name ;
 Through every year's revolving round
 Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
 Its wondrous mercy pours ;
 Sure as the heavens' established course,
 And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
 And treacherous vows renew ;
 False as the morning's scattering cloud,
 And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
 And loud implore thy grace
 To bear our feeble footsteps on
 In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Armed with this energy divine,
 Our souls shall steadfast move,
 And with increasing transport press
 On to thy courts above.
- 6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

C. M.

436.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Intercession for the Thoughtless and Inconsiderate. Psalm 119.

- 1 INDULGENT God ! with pitying eye
The sons of men survey ;
Alas ! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way !
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb ;
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.
- 3 Reclaim, O Lord, their wandering minds,
Amused by airy dreams ;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
Their dangerous state to see ;
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

L. M.

437.

DODDRIDGE varied.

“ One thing is needful.”

- 1 WHY should we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Why should we chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind ?
While angels look with sorrow down
To see us spurn the heavenly crown.

- 3 The Eternal God calls from above,
The Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;
And shall these pleas unite in vain ?
- 4 Not so the dying eye shall view
The pleasures which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty Power ! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart :
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

L. M.

438.

MRS. STEELE.

Self-examination.

- 1 THOU vain, intruding world, depart !
No more allure or vex my heart ;
Let every vanity be gone, —
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find ;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend ;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue ;
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
And shall I waste the ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day ?
And throw my fleeting time away ?

- 5 Be this my chief, my constant care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer, —
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
A pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

L. M.

439.

NORTON.

Trust in Divine Goodness.

- 1 My God ! I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

C. M. 440. DARWIN.

Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 THE Lord — how tender is his love !
His justice how august !
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 4 His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.
- 5 For me, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring, —
Do all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ; —
- 6 O, grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run !
'T is thine to give, or to resume,
And may thy will be done !

C. M.

441.

MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No ; let me bless thy name, and say,
“ The Lord is gracious still.”
- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

S. M.

442.

MRS. STEELE.

God's Parental Character.

- 1 My Father ! — cheering name !
O, may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O, bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father ! — blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

C. M.

443.

MRS. CARTER.

Confidence in God.

- 1 THROUGH nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good ; —
- 2 With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.
- 3 When, through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul, —
- 4 Unmoved, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day !

L M.

444.

COWPER.

God is Love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

- 3 O, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

C. P. M.

445.

COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
Nor need we roam abroad :
The world has little to bestow ;
From well-formed hearts our joys must flow, —
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow ;
The blessings which he sends, enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From whom our comforts flow.
- 3 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given, —

This is the wise, the virtuous part ;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

- 4 Thus through life's changing scenes we 'll go,
 Its checkered paths of joy and woe
 With holy care we 'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.
- 5 For conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

C. M. 446. MRS. STEELE.

God our Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy promises can bring relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would rise to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be shut when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 There shall my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thee still,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

C. M. 447. EXETER COL.

Trust in God founded on the Fear of God.

- 1 BLESSED is the man who fears the Lord ;
 His well established mind,
 In every varying scene of life,
 Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
 The heavenly footsteps lie ;
 But on a glorious world beyond
 His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
 And sorrows round him dwell,
 Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
 That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
 Through every scene he goes ;
 And, fearing him, no other fear
 His steadfast bosom knows.

- 5 No dangers will his soul alarm,
 No gloomy views affright ;
 For faith assures his humble heart
 Whatever is, is right.

C. M. 448. J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God in every Vicissitude.

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view
 All worlds, all creatures, lie ;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
 Our childhood was thy care ;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
 Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme !
 O, still our wants supply !
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favor die.

C. M. 449. TATE & BRADY.

God the Defence of the Just. Psalm 34.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When, in distress, to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight ;
He 'll make your wants his care.

CHRISTIAN RIGHTEOUSNESS.

C. M.

450.

WATTS.

The Way and End of the Righteous and of the Wicked. Psalm 37.

- 1 My God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways ;
Their virtue he approves ;
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 5 And, lo ! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.
- 6 But mark the man of righteousness ;
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

C. M. 451. TATE & BRADY.

The Righteous blessed. Psalm 119.

- 1 How blest are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !
- 2 Thrice blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been ;
And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favor sought to win !
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed,
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ,
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O, then, that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside !
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !
- 6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free,
Convinced with joy, that all my ways,
With thy commands agree.

C. M.

452.

SONNET PARAPHRASED.

Contract of the Righteous with the Wicked. Psalm i.

1. *That man both perfect blessedness
 Who walketh not astray
 In counsel of ungodly men,
 Nor stands in sinners' way,
 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair,
 But placeth his delight
 Upon God's law, and meditates
 Do his law day and night.*
2. *He shall be like a tree that grows
 Near planted by a river,
 Which in his season yields his fruit,
 And his leaf' fadeeth never :
 And all he doth shall prosper well ;
 The wicked are not so,
 But like they are unto the chaff,
 Which wind drives to and fro.*
3. *In judgment, therefore, shall not stand
 Such as ungodly are ;
 Nor in the assembly of the just
 Shall wicked men appear.
 For why ? The way of godly men
 Unto the Lord is known :
 Whereas the way of wicked men
 Shall quite be overthrown.*

C. M.

453.

Lvs. H. & C.

The Contract of the Righteous with sinners. Psalm i.

1. *Heart, who the fellowship of sin
 Has early learnt to fly ;*

Who knows the good Manpleasing League
The sinner's vanity

- 1 The word to man divinely given
Employs his constant care ;
The busy day, the vaulted night,
His heavenly study share.
- 2 As the fair palm in fertile fields,
Where gentle springs abound,
In youthful vigor freshly blooms,
And towers above the ground ;
- 3 Long years increase its hardy strength,
And rear its branches high ;
Firm fixed below, it leaves the shaken,
Its fruits are in the sky.
- 4 Thus, firm as fast, the virtuous man
Shall rise firmly then,
The storms of life unshaken bear,
And find immortal rest.
- 5 But sinners' hopes, unsown as chaff,
Light as the misty air,
Shall fly before the heavenly wind,
And end in deep despair.

C. W.

454.

BRIMS.

The Way of the Righteous and of the Wicked. Psalm 1.

- 1 Toss man, in life wherever placed,
Has happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way
Nor learns their guilty lore : —
207 208

- 2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
- 3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlet grow,
Whose fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.
- 4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tossed
Before the sweeping blast.
- 5 For God, that God the good adore,
Will give them peace and joy ;
But all the hopes of wicked men
Will utterly destroy.

C. M. 455. TATE & BRADY varied.

The Righteous Man. Psalm 15.

- 1 LORD, who 's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ?
And, whilst he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there ?
- 2 'T is he, whose truly honest heart
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves ; —
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round ; —

- 4 Who vice, when dressed in pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect ; —
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good ; —
- 6 Who seeks not in oppressive ways
His treasure to employ ;
Whom no reward can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by his steady course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

L. M.

456.

J. SCOTT.

Justice.

- 1 IF high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord! we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear;
Thy providence shall be his trust;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just!
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all the debt of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that blest world, where virtue shares
A fit reward; though not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

L. M.

457.

COTTON.

A good Conscience the best Support.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last; —

- 2 That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed,
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though Heaven afflict, shall I repine ?
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which will o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day, —
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

L. M.

458.

WATTS.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away ;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow,
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow !
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day, and share the night,
 In numbering o'er the richer joys
 That Heaven prepares for their delight.

L. M.

459.

J. SCOTT.

Toleration.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 't is thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
 To judge, from principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who with another's eye can read ?
 Or worship by another's creed ?
 Revering thy command alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.
- 3 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right ;
 While, faithful, we obey our light,
 And, censuring none, are zealous still
 To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 4 When shall our happy eyes behold
 Thy people fashioned in thy mould,
 And charity our lineage prove
 Derived from thee, O God of love ?

C. M. 460. WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

C. M. 461. BEDDOME.

Sincerity and Self-Examination.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise ?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies ?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew ?
What is the rule by which I walk.
The object I pursue ?

- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
 My real state to know ;
 If I am wrong, O, set me right !
 If right, preserve me so !

L. M.

462.

Self-Examination.

- 1 WHAT image does my spirit bear ?
 Is Jesus formed, and living there ?
 Say, do his lineaments divine,
 In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 2 Searcher of hearts ! O, search me still ;
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;
 My fears remove ; let me appear
 To God, and my own conscience, clear.
- 3 Scatter the clouds, that, o'er my head,
 Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;
 Lead me into celestial day,
 And, to myself, myself display.
- 4 May I at that blest world arrive,
 Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
 And give full proof that he is there,
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

7 S. M.

463.

MADAN'S COL.

Prayer for Humility.

- 1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 We shall, as our Master, be
 Rooted in humility ; —

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child ;
Pleased with all the Lord provides ;
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined !
Him let every soul adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

L. M.

464.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span ;
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !
 Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
 In modest worth, O, let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find !

L. M.

465.

WATTS.

The Humble and Pure accepted.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One : —
 “ I sit upon my holy throne ;
 My name is God, I dwell on high,
 Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below ;
 On earth I have a mansion too ;
 The humble spirit, and contrite,
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 “ The humble soul my words revive ;
 I bid the mourning sinner live ;
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 “ The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth and heavenly gain ;
 Eternal life is his reward, —
 Life, and the favor of the Lord.”

L. M.

466.

J. SCOTT.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

L. M.

467.

DODDRIDGE.

Patience.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope !
And let his word support your soul :
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
His treasured mercy to display ;
And his paternal pity moves,
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls, that wait
With sweet submission to his will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still ; —
- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

L. M.

468.

WATTS.

The Patience of Hope.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

C. M.

469.

WATTS.

Holy Fortitude.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

L. M. 470. WATTS.

Holiness and Grace.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

C. M. 471. DODDRIDGE varied.

Christian Watchfulness.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene :
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail :
How canst thou hope for future bliss
If their attempts prevail ?
- 3 Now to the work of God awake ;
Behold thy Master near ;
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on,
The account will surely come ;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

C. M. 472. C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God ! my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

L. M.

473.

MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O, be his service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 O, may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

C. M. 474. J. NEWTON.

True and False Zeal.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love supplies;
 While that which often bears the name
 Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear;
 The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.
- 4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here;
 But zeal the best applause will gain
 When Jesus shall appear.

C. M. 475. WATTS.

Humility and Submission.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

C. M.

476.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the immortal prize ;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

L. M.

477.

WATTS.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint ;—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

C. M.

478.

WATTS.

Want of Religious Zeal lamented.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

S. M.

479.

MORAVIAN.

The Christian encouraged.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
- 6 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

L. M.

480.

SIR H. WOTTON.

The Character of a happy Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath ; —
- 3 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice hath ever understood,
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ; —
- 4 Who hath his life from rumors freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ; —

- 5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ; —
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

L. M. 481. WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

L. M. 482. NOEL.

Meditation in the Night Watches.

- 1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then may reflection's brighter power
Illuminate the lonely midnight hour.
- 2 If hushed the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a living train,
In sweet remembrance live again.
- 3 Perhaps before my soul appears
The faithful friend of early years,
Who taught my first desires to rise,
And seek their treasure in the skies.
- 4 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
If darkness wraps the sounding sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.
- 5 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O, mark my trembling soul, and save ;
Conduct me through the angry sea,
To find my rest and heaven in thee.

L. M. 483. CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

Encouragement to the suffering Christian.

- 1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

- 2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of him,
With whom his followers are to reign.
- 3 Christian ! thy friend, thy master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame
Then met his sufferings undismayed ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
- 4 O, think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
- 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear,
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

S. M. 484. WATTS.

Communion of Saints. Psalm 133.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

L. M.

485.

KEBLE.

“ Not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but keep them from the evil.”

- 1 SWEET is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 2 O, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !
- 3 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;—
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

S. M.

486.

C. WESLEY.

Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And, O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 The strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forsaken die.

C. M.

487.

DODDRIDGE.

Being in the Fear of God all the Day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 THrice happy souls, who, born from heaven
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Thus all their days with God begin,
 And spend them in his fear !
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
 Prevent the dawning day ;
 And turn the sacred pages o'er,
 And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
 Its incense to thy throne,
 And, while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 And by each various providence
 Some wise instruction brought !
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
 Or by temptations tried,
 We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
 And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.

L. M.

488.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadst upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

- 5 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell ;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

S. M. 489. WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

L. M.

490.

WATTS.

5

No Rest on Earth.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires ;
He burns within with restless fires ;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torments still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
He shifts from side to side by turns ;
And 't is a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

7 s. M.

491.

BEAUMONT.

Inward Peace.

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast ;
There alone dwells solid rest.
- 2 That 's a close-immurèd tower,
Which can mock all hostile power ;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

PARTICULAR VIRTUES.

- 3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall ;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.
- 4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

S. M. 492. MONTGOMERY

Seed-time.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

C. M. 493. FROTHINGHAM.

Sowing of the Seed.

- 1 THINE, Lord, these heavens on high,
And thine this earth around ;
Thy goodness travels through the sky,
And blossoms from the ground.
- 2 Thine, too, the human soul,
With heights and breadths unknown,

The rays and drops at thy control,
And seed and sod thine own.

- 3 But man must watch and toil
For fruits that thrive below, —
And dress and keep that dearer soil,
Whence life or death shall grow.
- 4 Sow in our hearts thy word,
And heavenly influence send ;
And teach us all, as servants, Lord,
To labor and depend.

- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

L. M.

497.

J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And, while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity ;
'T was but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.
- 3 " He lived, — he died " ; behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page !
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ; —
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night
To share the glory that succeeds.

L. M.

498.

J. SCOTT.

The Importance of Time.

- 1 TIME, time, how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years keep rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
The Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this his thought designed
The frame of your immortal mind ?
- 4 For lofty cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned you the sons of time ;
Pilgrims of time, ere long to be
The dwellers in eternity.
- 5 This season of your being, know,
Is portioned you your seeds to sow ;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain
In future worlds is bliss and pain.
- 6 Be warned ; each night the day review ;
Idle or busy, search it through ;
And while probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.

L. M. 499. WATTS varied.

Life the Day of Grace.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the season God has given
To fit us for the joys of heaven ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.
- 3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
Let us with all our might pursue ;
And wisely every hour employ,
That faith and hope may turn to joy.

L. M. 500. EXETER COL.

The Day of Life declining.

- 1 THE short-lived day declines in haste ;
The night of death approaches fast ;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.
- 2 With willing hearts and active hands,
Lord ! may we practise thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

L. M. 501. DODDRIDGE.

This Life leading to another.

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead ;

Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass.
- 4 Awake, my soul ; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

C. M. 502. MERRICK.

The Trials of Virtue.

- 1 PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed ;
I viewed its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers moved
That virtue's path inclose ;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But, O, what toils oppose !
- 3 For, see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

- 4 O, how shall I, with heart prepared,
 Those terrors learn to meet ?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My inexperienced feet ?
- 5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude ;
 My Maker's will has placed me here,
 A Maker wise and good.
- 6 He to my every trial knows
 Its just restraint to give ;
 Attentive to behold my woes,
 And faithful to relieve.
- 7 Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
 Still in thy God confide,
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 And curbs the rolling tide.

C. M.

503.

OLNEY HYMNS.

Instability of Worldly Enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
 Who can prevent or cure ?
 We stand upon the brink of death,
 When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
 Some change may plunge us in distress
 Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
 And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.

- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit
Produce us often pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die,
Lord ! wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

L. M. 504. DODDRIDGE.

The weeping Seed-time and joyful Harvest. Psalm 126.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home :
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

L. M.

505.

J. SHIRLEY altered.

Transitoriness of earthly Honors.

- 1 THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
- 2 Princes and magistrates must fall,
And in the dust be equal made,
The high and mighty with the small,
Sceptre and crown with scythe and spade.
- 3 The laurel withers on our brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds !
- 4 All heads must come to the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Preserve in death a rich perfume,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

C. M.

506.

DODDRIDGE.

The Highway to Zion.

- 1 SING, ye redeemèd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

L. P. M.

507.

DODDRIDGE.

The transitory Nature of the World.

- 1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles gay and vain :
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.
- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below ;
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
When mourning o'er my withered joys :
So this deceitful world is known ;
Possessed, I call it not my own,
Nor glory in its painted toys.

- 3 The empty pageant rolls along ;
The giddy, inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;
It passeth in swift march away ;
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy color dies.
- 4 My God, to thee my soul shall turn ;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And drink in bliss from thee alone ;
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

DEATH.

C. M. 508. BISHOP HEBER.

Man's Mortality.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And, ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze ;
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

S. M. 509. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on the State of our Fathers.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?

DEATH.

- Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers ! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

11 s. M.

510.

EPISCOPAL COL.

"I would not live alway." Job vii. 16.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode ?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ; —

- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

C. P. M.

511.

The dying Christian.

- 1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who lived averse from sin !
 Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
 That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !
 See bending angels downward bow,
 To lift his soul on high !
 While, eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God
 Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast ;
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And heals his soul with rest.
- 4 O grant, my Saviour and my friend,
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
 And calm my evening close ;
 While, loosed from every earthly tie,
 With steady confidence I fly
 To him, from whom I rose.

DEATH.

P. M.

512.

POPE.

The dying Christian.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away.”
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

L. M.

513.

LOGAN.

Prayer of the dying Christian.

- 1 THE hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home.
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

DEATH.

- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord ! descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 4 I come, I come at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand :
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home.
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

C. M.

514.

PEABODY.

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deeper gloom ;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

- 5 And, lo ! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears !
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

L. M.

515.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Death of the Virtuous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing ; —
Where is, O Grave ! thy victory now ?
And where, insidious Death ! thy sting ?
- 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
“ Sweet is the scene when virtue dies ! ”

DEATH.

L. M. 516. MRS. HEMANS.

At a Grave.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

L. M. 517. BRYANT.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny ;
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.
- 6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
 And numbered every secret tear ;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

L. P. M.

518.

WATTS.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! how frail is man !
 Few are the hours, and short the span,
 Between the cradle and the grave ;
 Who can prolong his vital breath ?
 Who from the bold demands of death
 Hath skill to fly, or power to save ?
- 2 But let no murmuring heart complain,
 That therefore man is made in vain,
 Nor the Creator's grace distrust ;
 For though his servants, day by day,
 Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
 A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
 A new and better life hath shown,
 And we the glorious tidings hear ;
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That we can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

L. M.

519.

MRS. STEELE.

The Honor that awaits the Faithful in a future Life.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never-fading lustre shine;
 Surprising honor! vast reward,
 Conferred on man by love divine!
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road!
 Happy the men whom Heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to God; —
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
 And that blest righteousness display,
 Which Jesus wrought, and God approves!
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light;
 But these shall know nor change nor shade,
 For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
 O, may our spirits daily rise,
 And reach at last the shining choir
 In the bright mansions of the skies!

DEATH.

L. M.

520.

WATTS.

A Funeral Ode.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
And angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
It must ascend to meet the Lord.

C. M.

521.

DODDRIDGE.

A Prospect of Death and Judgment.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day, more awful, dawns ;
And, lo ! the Judge appears ;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
 One precious hour, remain ;
 Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
 Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng ;
 For this, thy board surround ;
 Here may our service be approved,
 And in thy presence crowned.

C. M.

522.

REV. H. MOORE.

True Pleasures.

- 1 FRAIL life of man, how short its stay,
 And various as the wind !
 Heedless we sport our hours away,
 Nor think of death behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
 Frail glory of an hour ;
 And blooming youth, with sickening head,
 Droop like the dying flower.
- 3 Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
 Diffuse a flattering light ;
 But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
 And soon they sink in night.
- 4 Wealth, pomp, and honor we behold
 With an admiring eye,
 Like summer insects, dressed in gold,
 That flutter, shine, and die.
- 5 Then rise, my soul, and soar away,
 Above the thoughtless crowd,
 Above the pleasures of the gay,
 And splendors of the proud ; —

DEATH.

- 6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine ;
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories, shine.

JUDGMENT AND FUTURITY.

C. P. M. 523. C. WESLEY.

Contemplation of the Judgment.

- 1 O God ! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 3 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

S. M. 524. MONTGOMERY.

The Issues of Life and Death.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love : —
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O, what appalling horrors hang
 Around the “second death” !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And utterly undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;
 Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality.

C. P. M.

525.

REV. H. MOORE.

Unfading Beauty.

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
 Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
 In endless darkness die.

- 2 The nobler beauties of the just
 Shall never moulder in the dust,
 Or know a sad decay;
 Their honors time and death defy,
 And round the throne of heaven on high
 Beam everlasting day.

C. M.

526.

ADDISON.

Hope in the Divine Mercy.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O, how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought, —
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed,
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O, how shall I appear !
- 4 But there 's forgiveness, Lord, with thee ;
 Thy nature is benign ;
 Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
 For mercy, Lord, is thine.
- 5 O, let thy boundless mercy shine
 On my benighted soul,
 Correct my passions, mend my heart,
 And all my fears control !

- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
 In that decisive hour,
 When Christ to judgment shall descend,
 And time shall be no more.

7 s. M.

527.

CENNICK.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways !
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod :
 They are happy now, — and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus, from its summit won,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord ! obediently we 'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

C. M.

528.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's land ;
 We seek that promised soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But, while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

HEAVEN.

C. M.

529.

MRS. STEELE.

Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 Why should the world's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brighter day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own!
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospect rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.

- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

L. M.

530.

MRS. STEELE.

Resignation and Hope.

- 1 WEARY of these low scenes of night,
 My fainting heart grows sick of time,
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime.
- 2 Ah ! why that sigh ? Peace, coward heart,
 And learn to bear thy lot of woe ;
 Look round, how easy is thy part,
 To what thy fellow-sufferers know.
- 3 Are not the sorrows of the mind
 Entailed on every mortal birth ?
 Convinced, hast thou not long resigned
 The flattering hope of bliss on earth ?
- 4 'T is just, 't is right ; thus he ordains,
 Who formed this animated clod ;
 That needful cares, instructive pains,
 May bring the restless heart to God.
- 5 In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
 Nor hope for bliss below the sky ;
 Come resignation to my breast,
 And silence every plaintive sigh.
- 6 Come, faith and hope, celestial pair !
 Calm resignation waits on you ;
 Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
 Point out a soul-reviving view.

HEAVEN.

- 7 Parent of good ! 't is thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind ;
Smile on my soul, and bid me live,
Desiring, hoping, yet resigned.

C. M. 531. DODDRIDGE.

Near Approach of Salvation.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

C. M. 532.

The Christian supported.

- 1 YES, there 's a better world on high ;
Hope on, thou pious breast ;
Faint not, thou traveller, on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

- 2 Anguish may rend each vital part ;
Poor man ! thy frame how frail !
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
When strength and flesh shall fail.
- 3 Through death's dread vale of deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go ;
Yet there, even there, walk undismayed ;
'T is thy last scene of woe.
- 4 Jesus, and with the tenderest hand,
Shall guard the traveller through ;
“ Hail ! ” shalt thou cry, “ hail, promised land !
And, wilderness, adieu ! ”
- 5 Jesus ! O, make our souls thy care !
O, take us all to thee ;
Where'er thou art, we ask not where ;
But there 't is heaven to be.

C. M.

533.

WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

HEAVEN.

- 7 Parent of good ! 't is thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind ;
Smile on my soul, and bid me live,
Desiring, hoping, yet resigned.

C. M.

531.

DODDRIDGE.

Near Approach of Salvation.

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And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
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Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

C. M.

532.

The Christian supported.

- 1 YES, there 's a better world on high ;
Hope on, thou pious breast ;
Faint not, thou traveller, on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

- 2 Anguish may rend each vital part ;
 Poor man ! thy frame how frail !
 Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
 When strength and flesh shall fail.
- 3 Through death's dread vale of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go ;
 Yet there, even there, walk undismayed ;
 'T is thy last scene of woe.
- 4 Jesus, and with the tenderest hand,
 Shall guard the traveller through ;
 " Hail ! " shalt thou cry, " hail, promised land !
 And, wilderness, adieu ! "
- 5 Jesus ! O, make our souls thy care !
 O, take us all to thee ;
 Where'er thou art, we ask not where ;
 But there 't is heaven to be.

C. M.

533.

WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared
 For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come ;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace ;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

L. M.

534.

PEABODY.

Heaven.

- 1 WHEN all the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shadow falls at last,
It is not sleep, — it is not rest, —
'T is glory opening to the blest.
- 2 Their mighty Master bids them rise
To radiant mansions in the skies,
Where each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Angels shall now unite their prayers
With those of spirits blest as theirs ;
And light shall gild their heavenly crown,
From suns that never more go down.
- 4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,
No sounds of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.
- 5 There, parted friends again shall meet,
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;
And earthly sorrow, fear, and pain
Shall never reach their hearts again.

S. M.

535.

MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
 There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife nor envy there
 The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 5 There night is never known,
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory from the eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 O, may this prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love ;
And lively faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

HEAVEN.

C. M.

536.

WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

C. M.

537.

BOWDEN.

Aspirations after Heaven.

- 1 FROM this world's joys and senseless mirth,
O come, my soul ! in haste retire ;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heaven aspire.
- 2 'T is heaven alone can make thee blest,
Can every wish and want supply ;
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest
Are all above the lofty sky.
- 3 There shall mortality no more
Its wide-extended empire boast ;
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

- 4 There dwells the sovereign Lord of all,
 The God that all the worlds adore ;
 With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
 And joys that last for evermore.

C. M.

538.

WATTS.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes ; —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HEAVEN.

C. M.

539.

MRS. STEELE.

The Hope laid up in Heaven.

- 1 **HAPPY** the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies ;
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.
- 2 He knows that all these fleeting things
Must yield to sure decay,
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they pass away.
- 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view ; his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 4 His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom
When time and nature die.

C. M.

540.

DODDRIDGE.

"God shall be your everlasting light."

- 1 **YE** golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

8 & 7 s. M.

541.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 FATHER, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays !
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy love.

HEAVEN.

- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

C. P. M.

542.

C. WESLEY.

Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

- 1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see ;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
Beneath its mountain load ;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatched away ;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend
In that eternal day.

L. M.

543.

BUTCHER.

Final Acceptance of all who fear God.

- 1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest ;

HEAVEN.

From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

- 2 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
And, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only Parent now adore.
- 3 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.
- 4 See how, along the immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads !
And brings the myriads none can count
To seats of joy on Zion's mount !

C. M.

544.

LIV. P. S. COL.

The Reunion of virtuous Friends after Death.

- 1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,—
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 And, while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.

HEAVEN.

- 4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.
- 5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

L. M. 6 l.

545.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Foretaste of Heaven.

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains !
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What joy it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all his works of grace explore !
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know ;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
'Till, raised from heaven here below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

HEAVEN.

P. M.

546.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Heaven.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear ; — 't is heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempests passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

L. M. 6 l.

547.

Blessed Meeting of Saints in Heaven.

- 1 YES, we shall meet : — we part in tears,
That dim our feeble, earthly sight ;
Yet through their vale a scene appears
Of joy unutterably bright ;
It is the land where we shall dwell
And never say again, " Farewell ! "

HEAVEN.

- 2 Yes, we shall meet : — we part in night,
But it is hasting fast away ;
And, at the dawn of morning light,
Together we shall hail the day ;
It is the day whose sun shall rise
To set no more in yonder skies.
- 3 Yes, we shall meet : — we part on shores
Where all as exiled strangers roam ;
But opened soon shall be the doors
Of our eternal, happy home ;
It is the home where we shall rest,
With all our Father's children blest.
- 4 Yes, we shall meet : — we part in sighs,
Which echo from each throbbing breast,
But on the ear of faith arise
Our future songs of triumph blest ;
They are the songs whose strains shall be
Reëchoed through eternity !

P. M.

548.

RIPPON'S COL.

The Soul aspiring to Heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;

HEAVEN.

Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance shall be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

BAPTISM.

L. M.

549.

{ FROM THE GERMAN,
{ BY S. G.

Hymn for Baptism.

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O, may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

C. M.

550.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Regard for little Children.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear :
 Ye children, seek his face ;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 God's guardian care we trust ;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

8 & 7 s. M.

551.

Baptism.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share ; —
- 2 Now, this little one receiving,
 Fold it in thy gracious arm ;
 There we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let it be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep it in life's doubtful way :

BAPTISM.

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let it find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

COMMUNION.

7 s. M.

552.

WESLEY.

“Where two or three are met together in my name.”

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim ;
We are met in thy great name :
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here !
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless !
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
Thou thyself within us move ;
Make our feast a feast of love.
- 3 Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind ;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 4 Make us all in thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet, —
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

7 s. M.

553.

BOWRING.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread ;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

COMMUNION.

- 2 'T is his memory we record,
'T is his virtues we proclaim ;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.
- 3 See him, on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony,
Break the bread, and hear him say,
“ Eat of this, and think of me ! ”
- 4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark, he cries,
“ Take the cup, and, as ye drink,
O, remember him who dies ! ”
- 5 Yes, we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour ; and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

S. M. 554. METHODIST.

Presence of Jesus.

- 1 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we 're met ;
From worldly paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 2 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy peace and gladness feel !

COMMUNION.

- 4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

S. M.

555.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

L. M.

556.

WATTS.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 How are thy glories here displayed,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While, at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine !

COMMUNION.

- 2 Thy saints attend, with every grace,
On this great sacrifice ;
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.
- 3 Our Hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight ;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

L. M. 557. DUBLIN COL.

“ This do in remembrance of me.”

- 1 “ EAT, drink, in memory of your friend ! ”
Such was our Master’s last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we ’ll record thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 ’T is pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But, O ! what vast, transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, joined with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire !

COMMUNION.

L. M. 558. ENFIELD'S SELECT.

Celebration of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request ;
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep, —
The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthanked, uncelebrated, rise,
Pass unremembered to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite, with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name ;
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

L. M. 559. DODDRIDGE varied.

Invitation to the Lord's Supper.

- 1 FATHER ! and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

COMMUNION.

- 2 O, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;
With warm desire let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord !
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun !

C. M. 560. MISS E. TAYLOR.

The Dispositions proper for the Communion.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

- 4 “Thy kingdom come” ; we watch, we wait,
 To hear thy cheering call ;
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

L. M.

561.

EXETER COL.

Contemplation of the Love of Jesus.

- 1 “See how he loved !” exclaimed the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
 My grateful heart the thought pursues,
 And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on
 Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
 Who bade disease and pain be gone,
 And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm, yet mild,
 Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
 Though oft provoked, he ne’er reviled,
 Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
 From toil or danger, pain or death ;
 Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
 And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he loved, who died for man,
 Who labored thus, and thus endured,
 To finish the all-gracious plan,
 Which life and heaven to man secured.
- 6 Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?
 O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
 To tread his steps, his laws obey,
 And thus our warm affection show !

COMMUNION.

C. M.

562.

BIRMINGHAM COL.

For Communicants.

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none, who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

S. M.

563.

FROTHINGHAM.

“ And he took bread and gave thanks.”

- 1 THE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread he broke ;
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words he spoke !
- 2 Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;
Thanks, at that deathly hour ; —
The world's dark prince advancing then
With all his rage and power.

COMMUNION.

- 3 Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ; —
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ; —
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.
- 4 And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When he, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distressed ?
- 5 Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in the press of agony
Such room for thanks he found ?
- 6 O, shame us, Lord, — whate'er
The fortunes of our days, —
If, chastened, we are weak to bear,
If, favored, slow to praise !

C. M.

564.

FROTHINGHAM.

“ In remembrance of me.”

“ How he was known of them in breaking of bread.”

- 1 “ REMEMBER me,” the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side his nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet ;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.
- 3 But who of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said ?

COMMUNION.

And none can now his look retrace,
In breaking of the bread.

- 4 O, blest are they who have not seen,
But yet believe him still !
They know him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.
- 5 We hear his truth along our way,
We see his light above,
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

8 & 7 s. M.

565.

EXETER COL.

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

FAST.

C. M.

566.

{ CHANDLER.
From the Breviary.

Fasting.

- 1 THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep ;
And see, within the temple, how
Both priest and people weep !
- 2 But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer ;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 3 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 4 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O righteous Judge ! if thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

S. M.

567.

DRUMMOND.

“Is it such a fast that I have chosen?”

- 1 “Is this a fast for me?” —
Thus saith the Lord our God ; —
“A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction’s rod ? —
- 2 “Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread ?
- 3 “Shall day like this have power
To stay the avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land ?
- 4 “No ; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose, —
Oppression’s yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose ? —
- 5 “To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal ?
- 6 “Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light ;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright ! ”

L. M.

568.

DYER.

For a Day of Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power :
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.
- 4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God !

L. M.

569.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Restoration of God's Favor. Psalm 80.

- 1 OF old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.
- 2 Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root ;
Perennial verdure crowned its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

- 3 Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears ;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.
- 4 The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend ;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.
- 5 Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest ;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

OUR COUNTRY.

L. M.

570.

ROSCOE.

Praise for National Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God ! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie ;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall !
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own ;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Safe, under thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread,
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 O God ! our guardian and our friend,
O, still thy sheltering arm extend !
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

8 & 6 s. M.

571.

HEBER.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour ;
From guilty pride, and lust of power ;

From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
From yoke of slavery ;
From blinded zeal, by faction led ;
From giddy change, by fancy bred ;
From poisoned error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free !

- 2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and rulers of our land,
And grant thy churches grace to stand
In faith and unity !
Thy Spirit's help of thee we crave,
That thy Messiah, sent to save,
Returning to the world, might have
A people serving thee !

MISSIONARY OCCASIONS.

7 & 6 s. M.

572.

HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

C. M. 573. DODDRIDGE.

The Gospel Ministry.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord ! how should we appear ?
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

L. M. 574. DODDRIDGE.

For a New Year.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it, till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

7 s. M. 575. NEWTON.

Uncertainty of Life. New Year.

- 1 SEE ! another year is gone !
Quickly have the seasons past !

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last.
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, "Am I prepared
Should I be this year removed?"

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
Some, — but who God only knows, —
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come,
But the happiest year they know
Is the last, that leads them home.

C. M.

576.

DODDRIDGE.

For a New Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year,
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

C. M. 577. BP. MIDDLETON.

Self-examination. New Year.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father ! wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer :
That grace can do the rest.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;
And, when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee !

P. M.

578.

WESLEY'S COL.

For a New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.
- 5 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say, —
“ I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.”
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
word, —
“ Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

579.

FERGUS.

The Promises of the Year.

- 1 THE year begins with promises
Of joyful days to come,
Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer,
Of thoughts on heaven, our home ; —
- 2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds,
Soft dews, and healthful showers,
And streamlets gushing from the hills,
And birds and opening flowers ; —
- 3 Of summer, with its warbling choir
Amid the balmy leaves ;
Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs
And fruits and bending sheaves ; —
- 4 Of countless mercies from our God,
Who rules the changeful years,
Both here and in the world of love,
Beyond the heavenly spheres.

C. P. M.

580.

GREEN.

Eve of a New Year.

- 1 MY days, and weeks, and months, and years
Fly, rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole ;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I launch on those boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 Before thy throne, great God, I bow,
And humbly beg assistance now,
To know my real state :

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

While life, and health, and time endure,
Fain would I make my heaven secure,
Before it be too late.

- 3 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way
Which leads to joys on high ;
My soul renew, my sins forgive ;
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die.
- 4 With thee let every day be past ;
And, when that comes which proves my last,
May glory dawn within !
Relieve me then from every doubt ;
And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,
Let endless joys begin.

L. M.

581.

DODDRIDGE.

For the Beginning or End of the Year.

- 1 My helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

582.

BROWNE.

The Closing Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past :
I cannot long continue here ;
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run, —
The few which yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, — how sure, how fair, —
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

L. M.

583.

DODDRIDGE.

“Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.”

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light, and evening shade.
- 6 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

10 s. M.

584.

E. TAYLOR.

The Changing Year.

- 1 GOD of the changing year ! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, —
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;

Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness, — all are thine.

- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true ;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee ;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

8 & 7 s. M.

585.

HORNE.

Autumn Warnings.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound : —
- 2 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread, —
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you :
Summer gives to autumn place.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 4 “ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O, receive our kindly warning, —
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”
- 5 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed :
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

H. M.

586.

FREEMAN.

Imitation of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

- 1 LORD of the worlds below !
On earth thy glories shine ;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see
A God appears ;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.
- 2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move ;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love ;
Wide flush the hills ;
The air is balm :
Devotion's calm
Our bosom fills.
- 3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days ;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays ;

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls ;
But still our souls
In thee rejoice.

- 4 In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care,
At morn and noon
And harvest moon,
Our lips declare.
- 5 In winter, awful thou !
With storms around thee cast ;
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower,
To thee, dread King,
We homage bring,
And own thy power.

C. M.

587.

WATTS.

The changing Seasons under the Direction of Providence.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord !

L. M.

588.

HEGINBOTHAM.

God's Goodness manifested in each Season.

- 1 GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours, —
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 To thee we raise the annual song ;
To thee the grateful tribute give ;

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Our God doth still our years prolong,
And, 'midst unnumbered deaths, we live.

4 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

5 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

C. M. 589. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew :
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

H. M.

590.

J. TAYLOR.

Thanksgiving for fruitful Seasons.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is king !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 2 His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick flakes of snow
Defend the infant grain ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 High from the ethereal plain
Bright suns their influence fling ;
He gives the welcome rain,
That makes the valleys sing ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn ;

He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn ;
O happy mortals, raise your voice, &c.

6 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, ye months, and days !
O, bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

7 s. M.

591.

J. NEWTON varied.

The Shortness of Life.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Finished is probation's day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know.
- 3 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;—
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 5 Thanks, for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon for our sins renew ;

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

- 6 Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill our hearts with filial love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

C. M.

592.

WATTS.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
 Mine ears attend the cry, —
 “ Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We 'll rise above the sky.

7 S. M.

593.

ANONYMOUS.

Dirge.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !
 Let them mingle, — for they must !
 Give to earth the earthly clod,
 For the spirit 's fled to God.

- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp ;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid ;
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.
- 4 Look aloft ! The spirit 's risen ; —
Death cannot the soul imprison :
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.
- 5 Thither let us turn our view ;
Peace is there, and comfort too :
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

6 & 4 s. M.

594.

MRS. HEMANS.

Funeral Prayer.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine ! —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou !

- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God !
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

C. M. 595. WATTS.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead : —
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife
They 're present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

L. M. 596. WATTS.

Death a Blessing to the Righteous.

- 1 Do flesh and nature dread to die ?
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave ?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love ?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 't is all noon in worlds above ?

- 3 When we put off this fleshly load,
We 're from a thousand mischiefs free,
For ever present with our God,
Where we have longed and wished to be.
- 4 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn, with downcast eyes,
And sin defile our eyes no more.
- 5 'T is best, 't is infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly home.
- 6 O for a visit from my God,
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day !

S. M. 597. WILSON.

"I heard a voice from heaven."

- 1 I HEARD a voice from heaven
Say, "Blessed is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb !"
- 2 The Holy Spirit spake, —
And I the words repeat, —
"Blessed are they," — for, after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

L. M.

598.

NORTON.

Blessedness of the pious Dead.

- 1 O, STAY thy tears ; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done :
Here midnight care disturbs our rest ;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.
- 2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight !
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
- 3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way ;
But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.
- 4 O, stay thy tears ; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love ;
Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

L. M.

599.

W. J. LORING.

Consolation for the Loss of pious Friends.

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who 've fled and left thee mourning here ?
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ; — beside thee now
Perhaps they watch, with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,
 With raptured voice, his praise they sing,
Or on his messages of love
 They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound,
 The high-exulting souls whom he,
Who formed these million worlds around,
 Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Weep, weep no more ; their voices raise
 The song of triumph high to God,
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
 Walk humbly in the path they trod.

C. M. 600. WATTS.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head ?
- 3 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

7 & 6 s. M.

601.

C. WESLEY.

Adieu to a departed Christian Friend.

- 1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal,
Our poor, afflicted friend ;
Go, pass the heavenly portal,
To God, thy glorious end.
- 2 The Author of thy being
Hath summoned thee away ;
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.
- 3 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place.
- 4 Acquainted with their sadness
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness,
And joys that never fail.
- 5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee ;
That, we alone must bear ;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.
- 6 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped to-day ;
And we shall mount to-morrow,
And soar to thee away.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

L. M.

602.

MRS. MACKAY.

Sleeping in Jesus.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place ;
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

C. M.

603.

MRS. BARBAULD varied.

Following the Dead in Hope.

- 1 NOT for the pious dead we weep ;
Their sorrows now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.
- 2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home ;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

- 3 And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep, impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies ?
- 4 O might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God
They rest from human woe !
- 5 Thence may their pure devotion's flame
On us, on us, descend ;
To us their strong aspiring hopes,
Their faith, their fervors, lend.
- 6 Let these our shadowy path illumine,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that 's left of good,
To all that 's lost resigned.

P. M.

604.

HEBER.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee ;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,

And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong to
deplore thee,

When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and
Guide ;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,

Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has
died.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

L. M.

605.

BELFAST COL.

On the Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn.
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came, with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom for ever there.
- 3 It died before its infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 4 It died to sin, it died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings, and soared to God.

7 & 6 s. M.

606.

The Death of a Child.

- 1 AH! not for thee was woven
That wreath of joy and woe,
That crown of thorns and flowers,
Which all must wear below ;
We bend in sadness o'er thee,
Yet feel that thou art blest,

Loved one ! so early summoned
To enter into rest.

2 E'en now thy bright young spirit
From earthly life is free ;
Now hast thou met that Saviour,
Who smiled on such as thee ;
E'en now art thou rejoicing,
Unsullied as thou art,
In the blest vision promised
Unto the pure in heart.

3 Thou Father of our spirits,
We can but look to thee !
Though chastened, not forsaken
Shall we thy children be.
We take the cup of sorrow
As did thy blessed Son ;
Teach us to say with Jesus,
" Thy will, not ours, be done."

L. M.

607.

MRS. STEELE.

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot, bear ?
- 3 Can reason's dictates be obeyed ?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid !

O, let Religion then be nigh !
Her comforts were not made to die.

- 4 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control ;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 5 Then gentle Patience smiles on pain,
And dying Hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

8 & 7 s. M.

608.

MOIR varied.

At the Grave of a Child.

- 1 FARE thee well, our fondly cherished ;
Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well ;
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
Back with him and his to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;
To our sorrows thou wert balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one !
Come no visions of despair ;
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith, thou art not, art not, there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? With the Saviour,
Blest, for ever blest to be ;
'Mid the sinless little children,
Who have heard his "Come to me."

- 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,
Thou art leaning on his breast,
Where the wicked may not enter,
And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead that, in a Father's mercy,
All our sins may be forgiven ;
Angel ! plead, that thou mayst greet us,
Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

CHRISTIAN PREPARATION.

8 & 7 s. M.

609.

“Be thou ready.”

- 1 BE thou ready, fellow-mortal,
In thy pilgrimage of life,
Ever ready to uphold thee
In the toil and in the strife.
Let no hope, however pleasant,
Lure thy footsteps from the right ;
Nor the sunshine leave thee straying
In the sudden gloom of night.
- 2 Be thou ready when thy brother
Bows in dark affliction's shade ;
Be thou ready when thy sister
Needs thy kindness and thy aid ;
Let thine arm sustain and cheer them, —
They have claims upon us all, —
And thy deeds like morning sunlight
On their weary hearts shall fall.
- 3 Be thou ready when the erring
List to sin's enchanting strain,
Ready with kind words to woo them
Back to virtue's path again.
Be thou ready, in thy meekness,
To do good to friend and foe,
As thy Father sheddeth freely
Light on all that dwell below.

- 4 Be thou ready for the morrow,
When delight shall please no more ;
When the rose and lily fadeth,
And the charm of song is o'er.
When the voices of thy kindred
Faintly move thy dying ear,
Be thou ready for thy journey
To some higher, brighter sphere.

ORDINATION AND DEDICATION.

L. M. 610. PIERPONT.

Ordination Hymn.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height !
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend !
 Beneath thy throne of love and light
 Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine that by thy culture grew ;
 We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth !
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death, — by care,
 Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed, —
 O God ! remember then our prayer,
 And take his spirit to thy rest.

L. M. 611. PIERPONT.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One !
 On thee our heart adoring calls ;

To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.

- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place, — to worship given, —
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

MORNING AND EVENING.

C. M. 612. WATTS.

A Morning Song.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
'Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

L. M. 613. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil
'The appointed duties of the day,

MORNING AND EVENING.

With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

- 4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

7 S. M.

614.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

8 & 11 S. M.

615.

ANONYMOUS.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 OUR Father ! we thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;

MORNING AND EVENING.

We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed :
O, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day ?

- 2 Our voices shall utter thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with thy love ;
O, teach us to walk in thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above !
The heart's true affection is all we can give ;
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live !
- 3 So long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve thee by day ;
And, when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve thee the more.

C. M.

616.

MRS. STEELE.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 LORD of my life ! O, may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours !
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 When sleep death's semblance o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

- 4 O, let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend ;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

L. M.

617.

BISHOP KENN.

Morning.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
 Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

MORNING AND EVENING.

C. M. 618. WATTS.

A Morning Psalm. Psalm 5.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
- 5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor, as a shield.

L. M. 619. HAWKESWORTH.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoyce to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

L. M. 620. WATTS.

Morning or Evening. Psalm 141.

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

MORNING AND EVENING.

L. M.

621.

PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn. For a Child.

- 1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye :
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

L. M. 6 l.

622.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest :
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

C. M. 623. WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign ! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Permit the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand is still my guard ;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stands prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 And now, my soul, the closing day
Is fading on thine eyes ;
Once more the evening tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

L. M. 624. WATTS varied.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

L. M.

625.

BISHOP KENN varied.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne ;
Praise God, the high and holy One.

7 s. M.

626.

DODDRIDGE varied.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! gracious name !
Night and day thy love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.
- 2 'Thou, my ever-bounteous God !
Crown'st my days with various good.
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 3 What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee !

C. M.

627.

GENT. MAG.

Daily Protection. Psalm 5.

- 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God !
My waking thoughts attend ;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

- 3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light ;
And with the same paternal care
Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

L. M.

628.

WATTS.

The daily Goodness of God.

- 1 MY God ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

C. M. 629.

Self-examination for the Evening.

- 1 ANOTHER day of life is gone ;
A doubtful few remain ;
Review, my soul, what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.
- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away ?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day ?
- 3 This day, what conquests hast thou gained ?
What sin is overcome ?
What fresh degree of grace obtained,
To bring thee nearer home ?
- 4 Thus every day thy course review,
Thy real state to learn ;
And with renewed zeal pursue
Thy great, thy chief concern.

C. M. 630. BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn ;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

- 2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,
 That beams with light and love ;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above ;
 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
 That rise along the shore ;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean roar : —
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By spring's awakening hours ;
 Her summer offers at thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
 Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
 In glorious luxury given ;
 While winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.
- 4 On all thou smil'st ; and what is man
 Before thy presence, God ?
 A breath but yesterday inspired,
 To-morrow but a clod.
 That clod shall mingle in the vale,
 But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
 The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
 To life, to liberty.

P. M.

631.

HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light !
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night !

May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

P. M. 632.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 HARK ! 't is the breeze of twilight, calling
Earth's weary children to repose ;
While, round the couch of nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
- 2 Guard us, O Thou, who never sleepest ;
Thou who in silence, throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied keepest
Thy watch of glory, power, and love.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

L. M. **633.** DODDRIDGE.

Praise for Family Blessings.

- 1 FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O, may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name ;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

8 & 7 s. M. **634.** C. WESLEY.

Domestic Worship.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation ;
Peace to all that dwell therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;

Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever ;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us ;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

S. M. 635. WATTS varied.

Family Affection from Religious Principle.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
 How pure is the delight,
 When mutual love, and love to thee,
 A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs
 Such streams of comfort flow,
 As no increase of riches brings,
 Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 No bliss can equal theirs,
 Where such affections meet ;
 While mingled praise and mingled prayer
 Make their communion sweet.
- 4 'T is the same pleasure fills
 The breast in worlds above ;
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

EARLY PIETY.

C. M.

636.

HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

C. M.

637.

WATTS.

Early Piety.

- 1 WHEN we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 2 'T is easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign :
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

C. P. M.

638.

C. WESLEY.

The Parent's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose sovereign will
Hath called thy servant to fulfil
The parent's tender part,
With gifts and graces from above,
With calmest and with wisest love,
Inspire my erring heart.
- 2 O, may I every moment see
The end for which alone to me
Thou hast my children given ;
A blessed instrument divine,
Through thee, to make and keep them thine,
And train them up to heaven.
- 3 My first concern their souls to rear,
And teach their feet, with holy fear,
In virtue's path to tread ;

Their hunger after thee excite,
And stir them up with all their might
To seek their living bread.

- 4 Assist me in this work of love,
My earnest efforts to approve
To thy all-seeing eye ;
And now a Father's blessing give,
And let them in thy service live,
Or innocently die.

C. M.

639.

GIBBONS.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ; —
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

C. M.

640.

WATTS.

Instruction to the Young from Scripture. Psalm 119.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin ?

- Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day :
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express ; —
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

C. M.

641.

BANCROFT.

On becoming acquainted with God.

- 1 O, SHUN in youth the thoughtless throng
Of fashion's fickle train ;
Though gay its smiles, and sweet its song,
The world's delights are vain.

- 2 Thy soul unbosom oft in prayer,
Thy wants to God unfold,
And to his will, with earnest care,
Thy spirit strive to mould.
- 3 O, form to him the opening soul
In solemn solitude ;
'Mid silence there the heavenly goal
In visions high be viewed.

CHRISTIAN PARTING.

7 s. M.

642.

J. NEWTON.

Hymn at Parting.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit may they meet,
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

L. M. 643. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell.

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

CHANTS.

I.

Venite, exultemus Domino. Psalm xcv.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God; and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall down; and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

II.

Jubilate Deo. Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise ; be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

III.

Benedictus. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel ; for he hath visited and redeemed his people ;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of his servant David ;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began ;

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

IV.

Cantate Domino. Psalm xcvi.

O SING unto the Lord a new song ; for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation ; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel ; and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands ; sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp ; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also and shawms, O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise and all that therein is, the round world and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord ; for he cometh to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

V.

Deus misereatur. Psalm lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us :

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad ; for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

VI.

Benedic, anima mea. Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, praise his holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ;

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities ;

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength ; ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion. Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

VII.

Laudate Dominum. Psalm cxlvii.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; for it is good to sing praises unto our God ; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem ; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth ; he maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food ; and to the young ravens which cry.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ! praise thy God, O Zion !

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ;
he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee
with the finest of the wheat.

VIII.

Bonum est confiteri. Psalm xcii.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most Highest ;

To tell of thy loving-kindness early in the morn-
ing, and of thy truth in the night season ;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the
lute ; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy
works ; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the
operations of thy hands.

IX.

Domini est terra. Psalm xxiv.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is :
the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and prepared
it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who
shall rise up in his holy place ?

Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart ;
and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor
sworn to deceive his neighbour.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and
righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him ;
even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory ? It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory ? Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

X.

Let the words of my mouth. Psalm xix.

LET the words of my mouth, let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

XI.

The sacrifices of God. Psalm li.

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit ; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

XII.

Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.

HOLY, holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest !

holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest !

CHANTS.

XIII.

The Lord is in his holy temple. Hab. ii.

THE Lord is in his holy temple : let all the earth keep silence before him.

XIV.

From the rising of the sun. Mal. i.

FROM the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering : for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

XV.

Funeral Anthem. Rev. xiv.

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.

XVI.

Psalm cvii.

O GIVE thanks to Jehovah, for he is good ;
For his mercy is for ever.
Thus shall the redeemed of Jehovah say,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the
enemy ;

And hath gathered them out of the lands,
 From the east, and from the west, from the north,
 and from the south.
 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ;
 They found no city of habitation.
 They were hungry and thirsty,
 And their soul did faint within them.
 Then they cried to Jehovah in their trouble ;
 He delivered them out of their distresses.
 And he led them forth in a straight way,
 To go to a city of habitation.
 Let them confess to Jehovah his mercy,
 And his wonderful works to the children of men.

XVII.

Isaiah ix.

THE people that walked in darkness
 Have seen a great light :
 They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death,
 Upon them hath the light shined.
 For unto us a child is born,
 Unto us a son is given :
 And the government shall be upon his shoulder :
 And his name shall be called
 Wonderful, Counsellor, God, the Mighty,
 Father of Eternity, Prince of Peace.
 Of the increase of his government and peace there
 shall be no end,
 Upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom ;
 To order it, and to establish it,
 With judgment and with justice,
 From henceforth, even for ever.
 The zeal of Jehovah of hosts will perform this.

CHANTS.

XVIII.

Isaiah xxxii.

BEHOLD ! a king shall reign in righteousness,
And princes shall rule in judgment.
And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind,
And a covert from the tempest ;
As rivers of water in a dry place,
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.
And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim,
And the ears of them that hear shall hearken.
The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge,
And the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to
speak plainly.
The vile person shall be no more called liberal,
Nor the churl be said to be bountiful.

XIX.

Isaiah ii.

COME ye, and let us go up to the mount of Jehovah,
To the house of the God of Jacob ;
And he will teach us of his ways,
And we will walk in his paths :
For out of Zion shall go forth the law,
And the word of Jehovah from Jerusalem.
And he shall judge among the nations,
And shall rebuke many people :
And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks :
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.
But they shall sit every man under his vine,
And under his fig-tree, and none shall make afraid.
O house of Jacob, come ye,
And let us walk in the light of Jehovah.

CHANTS.

XX.

Psalm xlviii.

GREAT is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, the mountain of his holiness.
Beautiful for situation,
The joy of all the earth is Mount Zion.
We have thought of thy kindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.
As thy name, O God,
So is thy praise to the ends of the earth.
Let Mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy
judgments.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her ;
Tell ye the towers thereof.
Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces ;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever :
He will be our guide unto death.

XXI.

Isaiah xxxv.

FOR in the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert.
And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land springs of water :
In the habitation of dragons, where each lay,
Shall be grass with reeds and rushes.
And an highway shall be there, and a way,
And it shall be called The way of holiness ;
The unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be
for those :
The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err.

CHANTS.

No lion shall be there,
Nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon,
It shall not be found there :
But the redeemed shall walk there.
And the ransomed of Jehovah shall return,
And come to Zion with songs
And everlasting joy upon their heads :
They shall obtain joy and gladness,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

XXII.

Psalm xxix.

GIVE to Jehovah, O ye sons of God,
Give to Jehovah glory and strength.
Give to Jehovah the glory of his name :
Worship Jehovah in the beauty of holiness.
The voice of Jehovah is upon the waters :
The God of glory thundereth ; Jehovah is upon great
waters.
The voice of Jehovah is powerful :
The voice of Jehovah is full of majesty.
Jehovah sitteth upon the flood :
Yea, Jehovah shall sit King for ever.
Jehovah will give strength to his people.
Jehovah will bless his people with peace.

XXIII.

Psalm cxxxvi.

INTRODUCTION.

O GIVE thanks to Jehovah ; for he is good :
For his mercy is for ever.
O give thanks to the God of gods :

CHANTS.

For his mercy is for ever.
O give thanks to the Lord of lords :
For his mercy is for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders :
For his mercy is for ever.
To him that by wisdom made the heavens :
For his mercy is for ever.
To him that spread out the earth above the waters :
For his mercy is for ever.

CLOSE.

O give thanks to the God of heaven :
For his mercy is for ever.

XXIV.

Psalm lxxxix.

I WILL sing of the mercies of Jehovah for ever :
With my mouth will I make known thy truth to all
generations.
For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever :
Thy truth shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn to David my servant,
Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.
And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Jehovah !
Thy truth also in the congregation of saints.
For who in heaven can be compared to Jehovah ?
Who among the sons of God, likened to Jehovah ?
God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the
saints,
And to be revered by all about him.
O Jehovah, God of hosts, who is mighty Jah like to
thee ?
Or to thy truth round about thee ?

CHANTS.

XXV.

Luke i.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel ;
For he hath visited and redeemed his people ;
And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us,
In the house of his servant David ;
As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets,
Who have been since the world began ;
That we should be saved from our enemies,
And from the hand of all that hate us ;
To perform the mercy promised to our fathers,
And to remember his holy covenant ;
The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,
That he would grant unto us,
That we, being delivered from the hand of our enemies,
Might serve him without fear,
In holiness and in righteousness,
All the days of our life.

XXVI.

Psalm cxlviii.

PRAISE ye Jehovah from the heavens ;
Praise ye him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels ;
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that are above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of Jehovah ;
For he commanded, and they were created :
He hath also established them for ever and ever ;

CHANTS.

He hath made a decree, and it shall not pass.
He also exalteth the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints ;
Of the children of Israel,
A people near to him. Praise ye Jah.





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